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THE RIVAL CANDIDATES FOR GOVERNOR.

We give herewith portraits of the Democratic and Republican candidates for Governor, Judge Amasa J. Parker and Hon. Edwin D. Morgan. We should have been glad to combine with these the portrait of the American candidate; but, after some labor and trouble, we have found it impossible to procure one. The contest evidently lies between the Democrat and the Republican; the American, as in the contest of 1856, may take away votes from the one and the other, but can hardly hope for success himself.

It has rarely happened that the nominating conventions of the two parties have pitched upon two men so eminently worthy of the position of Governor as Edwin D. Morgan and Amasa J. Parker. It is very satisfactory to know that, whichever of the two is elected, the chief magistrate of the State will be a high-minded, able man. Whether the subsidence of the Kansas agitation swells the Democratic vote by all those citizens who bolted to Frémont in 1856, or the disgraceful squabbles and dirty tricks and rowdy conduct of the Democratic leaders in this city repel respectable men from the support of the Democratic ticket, the State will still be safe, and a better man than the present Governor will be elected.

Edwin D. Morgan, who is the Republican candidate, is a New York merchant. Like many of our best men, he is a New Englander by birth. His father, Jasper Morgan, still resides at Windsor, Connecticut, at the ripe old age of seventy-five years. His son, the present candidate, was born in Berkshire, Massachusetts, on February 8, 1811. At the age of seventeen, with his common-school education and a capital of thirty-seven and a half cents, he went to seek his fortune at Hartford, Connecticut. The young men of the present day will smile at hearing that he bound himself to a Hartford trader at a salary of $60 for the first year, $75 for the second, and $100 for the third. It was, we understand, while he was in this employ that the adventure befell him which has already been chronicled in the papers. The story runs as follows:

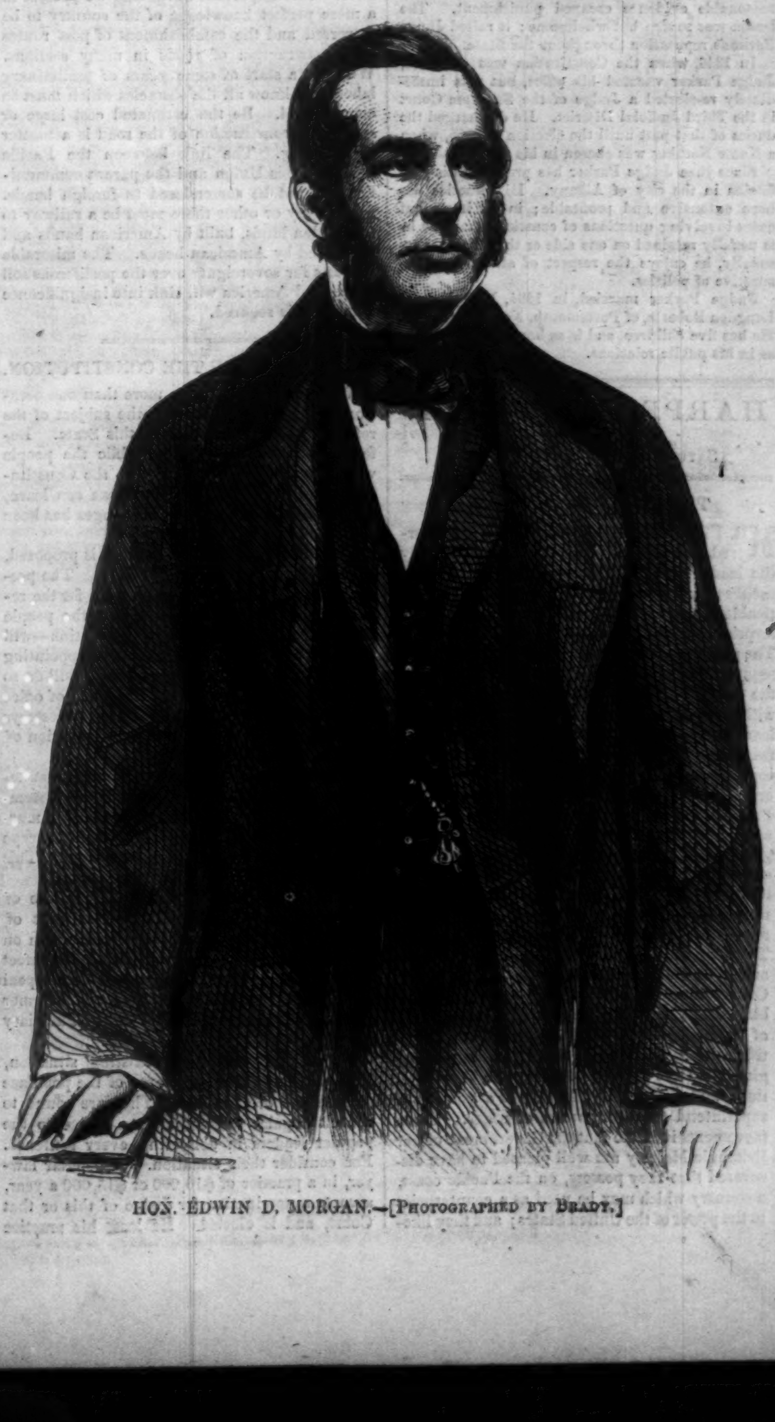
Mr. Morgan was yet a clerk, and was but nineteen years of age. A trip to the great city was not then made with such facility as at this time, but as he had served for two or three years in the store, and acquired the confidence of his employer, he was permitted to go to New York, and, to combine business with pleasure, was intrusted to make sundry purchases of tea, sugar, etc., and also corn, which was then becoming an article of import, instead of export. The visit was made, and Edwin returned in due time, coming home by the old stage route. After being greeted and welcomed, his employer inquired as to the corn. The price was very satisfactory, but his employer doubted if the article would be of good quality at so low a rate. Edwin immediately drew a handful, first from one pocket and then from another, as samples, and the old gentleman expressed his approbation. It had been usual for the dealers to purchase two or three hundred bushels at a time, and he then inquired of Edwin as to the quantity, but was nonplused by the answer that he had bought two cargoes, and that the vessels were probably in the river. "Why, Edwin," said the astonished old gentleman, "what are we to do with two cargoes of corn?—where can we put it?—where can we dispose of it?" "Oh!" replied Edwin, "I have disposed of all that you don't want at an advance; I have shown the samples to Messrs. A. B., who wish three hundred bushels, C. & Co., three hundred, etc., etc. I could have disposed of three cargoes if I had had them. I stopped into the stores as I came from the stage office and made sales."

It was a new phase, and out of the old routine, but the gains and results were not to be questioned. The following morning Edwin was at the store, as always, in season, and had taken the broom to sweep out the counting-room, when his employer entered. "I think," said he, "you had better put aside the broom; we will find some one else to do the sweeping. A man who can go to New York, and on his own responsibility purchase two cargoes and make sale of them without counseling with his principal, can be otherwise more advantageously employed. It is best that he should become a partner in the firm for which he is doing so much." Although not of age, he was forthwith taken into partnership, and from that day to this, success, which Governor Banks says is duty, has marked all his operations.

About the year 1833 Mr. Morgan removed to New York, and established himself here as a wholesale grocer. He was prudent, and used his small capital—$4000—with sagacity and discretion. He was thus enabled to pass through the trying times of 1837-'42 without disaster, and gradually to increase his fortune, until now he ranks among the richest merchants of the city. He occupied a prominent position in New York for many years before he cared about assuming public duties. At length, in 1849, at the request of many gentlemen of his political faith, he became a member of the Board of Assistant Aldermen; and in the following year he was elected State Senator. This rank he held for four years; and though not a showy debater, he earned the respect and confidence of all who had to do with him. During the Frémont excitement he was elected chairman of the Republican Committee in this city, and acquitted himself so ably of the functions of that onerous post that his party felt they could do no less than nominate him for Governor. If he is elected, the State will not suffer.

His opponent, Judge Parker, is one of the most popular, and most deservedly popular, men in the State. He has occupied for some time a very prominent position in the Democracy of the State, having been the Democratic candidate for Governor in the year 1856, when the Frémont excitement caused the election of Governor John A. King.

HON. AMASA J. PARKER.—[Photographed by Brady.]



HON. EDWIN D. MORGAN.—[Photographed by Brady.]

He was born, in 1807, at Sharon, Connecticut. His father was a clergyman—the Congregational pastor of the parish of Ellsworth. His grandfathers, on both sides, were old Revolutionary soldiers. It is presumable that the Rev. Mr. Parker was unable to afford his family means to live in idleness; for as soon as his son completed his collegiate course he undertook to support himself. He was but sixteen at the time; but so marked had been the ability which he displayed at college that he was chosen principal of the Hudson Academy. For four years he filled this responsible position with credit and honor. Many of his pupils were older than himself; but it is said that never during his administration was the discipline of the school relaxed, or the authority of the juvenile principal called successfully in question.

When he was twenty years of age he resigned his office at the academy, and began to study law in the office of John W. Edmonds. He completed his studies with his uncle, Colonel Amasa Parker, a successful lawyer of Delhi, in Delaware County, and on his admission to practice he became his partner. For fifteen years the firm enjoyed a large and lucrative practice at Delhi; and not a little of their success was ascribed to the regular business habits and untiring energy of the junior partner.

Meanwhile young Amasa J. Parker had made a conspicuous *début* on the political stage. During the severe contest of 1828 he had stumped his county and the vicinity for General Jackson; and had won so much attention and respect from the leaders of his party, that, in 1833, he was elected to the Legislature. He occupied a prominent position as a member of the Committee on Ways and Means, and gained such esteem among his people that, in 1836, he was elected member of Congress.

The period was a critical one—the United States' Bank controversy, the hard money quarrel, and the Sub-treasury question were agitating the country. Mr. Parker was a prominent speaker on all these topics, and acquitted himself so ably as to win the confidence of the President and the regard of his colleagues. To the day of his death General Jackson kept up a friendly and confidential intercourse with him.

In 1844 he was appointed Judge of the Third Circuit, and from that time he has resided at the city of Albany. The most prominent event of his judgeship was the trial of the anti-rent rioters in Delaware County. The whole county was in a state of insurrection, and a military force was established there at the time Judge Parker opened his Court of Oyer and Terminer. Three jails were full of prisoners awaiting their trial. At the opening of the Court Judge Parker announced his determination not to adjourn until he had cleared the docket. And he kept his word. Every one of the rioters was tried at that term: two were sentenced to death for murder, and several to terms of imprisonment. Not one against whom there was reasonable evidence escaped punishment. The lesson was severe but wholesome; it raised Judge Parker's reputation throughout the State.

In 1846, when the Constitution was amended, Judge Parker vacated his office, but was immediately re-elected a Judge of the Supreme Court in the Third Judicial District. He discharged the duties of that post until the election of 1855, when a Know Nothing was chosen in his stead.

Since then Judge Parker has practiced his profession in the city of Albany. His practice has been extensive and profitable; in all important cases involving questions of constitutional law he is usually retained on one side or the other. Personally, he enjoys the respect of all parties irrespective of politics.

Judge Parker married, in 1834, Miss Harriet Langdon Roberts, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. He has five children, and is as happy in his family as in his public relations.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, November 6, 1858.

THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Mr. PRESIDENT BUCHANAN, it is averred, intends to make the Pacific Railway the leading card in the new game which commences in December, and will suggest a practicable scheme whereby that great national enterprise may be carried to a practical conclusion. The public will await with anxiety the announcement of the opinions which he has formed on the subject. Every new event in connection with the opening up and settlement of the American Territories upon the Pacific tends to show more clearly the necessity for the immediate construction of the railway by the General Government. Although the last accounts from the Frazer River are not so warmly colored as was anticipated, there is still no reason to doubt that gold exists in British Columbia in sufficient quantities to attract thousands of emigrants to its shores. The British Government have known its position for two years, and have made arrangements for the organization of affairs in the Territory which show their ideas of its importance. A Governor and a Bishop every British Colony has, however small; but all are not blessed at once with a Police and a Department of Public Works. Mr. Palliser and his scientific corps are already in the Territory; the engineer officers have gone to run the boundary-line; and now Colonel Moodie is appointed to superintend the construction of roads. These movements indicate that the Government of her Britannic Majesty are well pleased to have discovered that they possess, on the Pacific coast, a country which may be used as a counterpoise to the power of the United States; and they likewise show that, should any practicable scheme be submitted for the construction of a railway to the Pacific through British territory, it is not unlikely to receive executive and legislative assistance in England.

There is no use concealing from ourselves the fact that the British possess a route for a railway through the prairies watered by the Saskatchewan and other rivers flowing into Lake Winnipeg which presents many advantages. It has coal, water, and a fertile soil, and a climate not more severe than that of Minnesota. Already the people of the State we have named have sent out an expedition over-land through the British territory, and they contemplate the establishment of lines of steamers on the rivers which will probably, without any railway at all, make the journey across the continent a quicker and easier one than that by the Isthmus. The Canadians are following in the same course. They propose to take advantage of the small rivers which unite the Red River and Lake Winnipeg with Lake Superior, as far as they can be made useful, and, where they are impassable, to make portage roads. This combined water and land route is from three hundred and fifty to four hundred miles in length. From the foot of Lake Winnipeg to the Falls of the Saskatchewan is some three hundred miles of clear navigation; and after that obstruction is passed there are seven hundred and fifty miles of river traversable by a small steamer, which brings the voyage nearly to the base of the mountains. A company has been chartered by the Canadian Legislature which is empowered to construct a railway, but which proposes, as a first step, to supply these lines of navigation with steamers. An English company has likewise been started to construct a railway across the continent, and in the present state of the English money market, and with the important national advantages which would flow from the possession of this great highway of the world, it would not be wonderful if the English should make a bold effort to outdo us. If it should be confirmed, as is said, that there is a pass through the mountains in British territory only nine hundred feet above the level of the plains, we may look for a rapid rise in British Pacific Railway stock.

The difficulties which lie in the way of the construction of this railway in any section of country are very great, and they may be greater at the South than in the North; but, at the same time, there are none which can not be surmounted by American energy and perseverance. One important advantage we possess in a more perfect knowledge of the country to be traversed and the establishment of post routes and construction of roads in many sections. We have a start of some years of preliminary labor, and know all the obstacles which must be encountered. Be the estimated cost large or small, the construction of the road is a matter of necessity. The link between the Pacific States of this Union and the parent communities can not be surrendered to foreign hands. In one way or other there must be a railway to the golden lands, built by American hands and controlled by American heads. The miserable contests for sovereignty over the pestiferous soil of Central America will sink into insignificance when this is secured.

THE REFORM OF THE CONSTITUTION.

We have heretofore, on more than one occasion, expressed our views on the subject of the reform of the Constitution of this State. Before this paper reaches the public the people will have decided whether or no the Constitution requires reform. So far as we can learn, no opposition to the proposed changes has been developed in any quarter.

The most important reform that is proposed, in our view, relates to the Judiciary. The persons who will control the Convention for the reform of the Constitution—in case the people should decide to have such a Convention—will advocate a return to the old plan of appointing Judges during good behavior. They will do so on the ground that the present tenure of office by the Judges impairs their usefulness, destroys their independence, and saps the foundation of the administration of justice.

There can be no question but the gravest defect of our public administration is the systematic failure of justice. Burglars, thieves, murderers, and malefactors of every kind, escape punishment under our present system. This is universally admitted.

It is the general belief that this failure of justice arises from two causes—the want of power in the Judges, and the defective plan on which juries are empaneled. This latter defect (if it exists) can only be corrected by a repeal and modification of the jury law. The former evil depends on the principle of the Judiciary system.

At present, under the existing situation, Judges are as obvious servants of the populace as Members of Congress. They are bound to consult popular feeling, and to cringe to the popular leaders in delivering every sentence. For consider their situation. A popular lawyer, in a practice of $10,000 or $15,000 a year, accepts a nomination for Judge of this or that Court, and is elected. He loses his practice instantly. His oldest and best clients, finding him out of reach, go to new counsel, and transfer their business to them. All goes well at first. The Judge, who, it must be presumed, has laid by something for a rainy day, pays part of his household expenses with his salary, and enjoys a high and reputable position. But time wears on, and the day of re-election comes round. The Judge occupies a peculiar position. If he be defeated and thrown back on his profession, he will have to begin the world anew; his old clients have new advisers. He can only secure a renewal of his term as Judge by cringing to the public, and making himself subservient to the popular leaders.

In such a dilemma who can wonder that Judge Jones or Smith submits to the insults of Mr. Bluster, the favorite champion of the Democracy? Bluster holds the Judge's fate in the palm of his hand. If the Judge dares to administer law righteously, and to punish Bluster's client—the notorious gambler and blackleg—according to his deserts, he will lose Bluster's support in the Nominating Convention. If, when Bluster tells him, in open Court, that he is "an infamous Judge," he ventures to send the foul-mouthed lawyer to jail, where he belongs, for so outrageous an offense against decency, the Judge will find him so active an enemy that all hopes of a renomination must be abandoned. Under such circumstances, what can a Judge do?

An independent Judiciary is the first condition of wholesome social organization. If every other officer is liable to popular intimidation, the Judges should be free to contend against the pressure. Therefore it is that the best men in this State desire a reform in our system, so as to place the Judges beyond the control of Bluster and his fellow-creatures. Before these lines are read the question will be settled. Let us hope that the popular verdict will be in a sense calculated to produce a reform which is sadly needed.

THE OPENING OF THE NICARAGUA INTEROCEANIC ROUTE.

At length, after an interval of many tedious months, the Nicaragua route between the two oceans has been reopened. On 6th November the steamer *Washington* leaves this port for San Juan del Norte with passengers for California: the boats are on the lake ready to receive her people; and on the Pacific the *Hermann* awaits their arrival to steam to San Francisco. There can be no doubt but this route, which once was so popular, and which possesses the remarkable advantage over the Panama route that it is quite healthy at all seasons, will soon become the favorite road to California.

General William Walker has declared that he will eat his Christmas dinner in Granada. His advertisements for followers teem in the Southern papers. But the owners of the new line do not seem to be overwhelmed by his menacing proceedings. They consider that he has done his best; that he had a fair chance and threw it away; and that now he does not command much attention. The President's proclamation will doubtless keep the Southern officials wider awake than they were when Walker last sailed to Central America.

It is, in fact, exceedingly doubtful whether, under the most favorable circumstances, General Walker could now achieve any thing in Nicaragua. Had he possessed that rare commodity—common sense—he would never have left Nicaragua, and would now have been dictator of that unhappy country. Failing in common sense, he is an outcast; and the great line between our Pacific and Atlantic possessions is about to be opened without his permission. Let us hope that it will be kept open, and that it will be patronized as it deserves.

THE MASSACRE IN THIRTIETH STREET.

We devote a considerable portion of our space this week to the illustration of the terrible catastrophe which has formed the chief subject of conversation in this city for the past week. It suggests many wholesome reflections.

The young man who murdered his father and brothers, and, lastly, committed suicide, is a fair type of a class of young men who flourish in this city. His vices and his passions are those of a distinct category of our youth. The daily papers have been at some trouble to find out the motive of his fearful deed. Their pains have been gratuitous. It is but too evident that he acted on the impulse of ungoverned passion, unrestrained by moral or filial considerations. He was quite sober at the time of the murder. He was not, as murderers are usually said to be, under the influence of spirituous liquor. He had no adequate provocation. He slaughtered his family purely from rage. He had not been leading an abandoned life; the Sabbath before the murder he attended divine service as usual, and the very evening before the one on which he killed his father and his family he spent at a social gathering at the house of his pastor. Every motive or predisposing cause, in fact, was wanting.

It is not right to consider his an exceptional case. That of Rodgers, the murderer of Swanson, is a perfect parallel. Rodgers killed Swanson—whom he had never seen before, who had offered no provocation, and whose death was no benefit to his murderer—precisely from the same reasons which led Gouldy to murder his father. Other parallel cases abound. In all, the motive of the murderer is wanting. The deed is suggested by a savage impulse of passion, uncurbed by reflection or moral scruple.

It is just that moral scruple which appears to be wanting in the organization of some of our New York youth. Many parents have grown remiss in teaching children that the passions must be curbed and the desires restrained for the sake of society and morality. The doctrine that success covers all sins, and that no man need take heed for any thing but his own aims and objects, has become a part of the belief of a section of our people. The consequence is the crimes which deface our civilization. The son of a father who is reckless in business transactions naturally follows the paternal example; he does not cheat his companions, for love of money is not the vice of his age; but he obeys the bent of his inclinations, and commits crimes of violence without scruple or remorse. In a society where principle was generally reverenced instead of profit, Rodgers would have stayed his hand, and Gouldy would have swallowed down his rage.

We are, in this country, in some manifest respects, retrograding in our civilization. In many points we are in advance of the world; in many others we are in arrear of the Turks. There is no surer test of the savage condition than the habitual incapacity to govern one's passions. It is the characteristic of the Comanche and the Patagonian; it is likewise the characteristic of many members of young New York. All men, in all states of life, are subject to annoyances and disappointments; civilized men bear them in patience, because their civilization teaches them to curb their resentment; but the savage and many young New Yorkers know nothing of so wholesome a curb. They are taught by experience to know no other guide than their own feelings and interests; they see their elders override every principle in the pursuit of their aims; and they naturally follow the example. It is very melancholy; but it is quite natural.

THE "NEW BRICK CHURCH."

On Sunday, 31st October, the new church building raised at the corner of 37th Street and Fifth Avenue, by the congregation of which Rev. Dr. Gardiner Spring has for so many years been the beloved pastor, and which formerly worshiped in the "Old Brick Church," was solemnly dedicated to the service of God. The Old Brick Church, torn down last year to make room for necessary improvements, was one of the chief landmarks of the city's progress. Ninety-one years ago its corner-stone was laid, on a piece of ground "in the fields, out of town," granted by the Corporation, and judged of very little value. In 1857 the chief part of the town lies beyond it, and the property, the most central in the city, was valued at near half a million of dollars.

Rev. Dr. Spring (whose portrait will be found in our Number for May 9, 1857) was ordained minister over this congregation on August 10, 1810. For more than forty-eight years he has led his people in the worship of God; and on Sunday last an immense concourse assembled to hear the venerable old man, still hale and vigorous, preach the dedicatory sermon in the spacious and tasteful edifice which his congregation have just completed. It was an affecting event—not less so to many of his people than to himself. May he be long spared to continue his career of usefulness!

THE LOUNGER.

ORDER IN WARSAW.

"Sepoy Island, *October*, 1858.

"Dear Lounger,—Mayor Tiemann's plan of punishing the island with yellow fever is progressing admirably. The new temporary hospitals, built of temporary stone and temporary slate and temporary brick, are being rapidly finished. The temporary wall is also completed, and the Army of Occupation has retired behind it into temporary barracks.

"But though the Mayor calls them temporary—and I and all other patriotic friends of the Thompsonian practice call them temporary—yet the Mayor and Captain M. or N. (as the Prayer Book says), and I, all understand the matter; the Mayor especially, and particularly Captain M. or N. I suppose they are called temporary because they are one story high; just as bank-vaults are temporary for the same reason. But a Sepoy told me openly last evening that they were called temporary because they were going to last as long as the soldiers did, and no longer.

"It's really dreadful for moderate, conservative men like me, who love to sit at the feet of Gamaliel Dogberry, and listen to the calm wisdom of Captain M. or N.—really dreadful, I say, to hear these terrible fellows talk. There is but one sentiment among them all. There seems to be but one party and one platform upon this question. I shudder when I think of it, and I cry (not so as to disturb any body), oh, my country! what will become of thee?

"Do you wish to know that sentiment, dear Lounger? I have already told it to you. It is implied in what the Sepoy told me. It is, that the buildings will go with the soldiers! Oh, Heavens! And then there will be scores and scores more of hapless patients perishing upon the grass, and the eloquent Evarts, and the equally eloquent Noyes, will toil in vain after epithets and rhetoric sufficient for these horrors!

"My dear Lounger, when I reflect upon the happy days, fled, alas forever, from these shores—when I recall the fortunate yellow age, as I may call it—when we had our scores of cases of fever and constant deaths from the Quarantine pestilence outside the walls—when we had our primary meetings thronged with stevedores fresh from infected ships—when we had our regular annual panics and futile efforts for saving life—when our hospitable pest inclosure opened wide its gates to visitors, and workmen went home to their families at night over the walls—when I think of the sweet and peaceful days in which remonstrance, entreaty, petition, and presentment, were of no avail, and M, or N. told us it was here, and it was going to stay here—do you wonder that I sigh to think of them, 'departed never to return,' and sometimes exclaim, 'Oh, tempora! oh, mores!' and sometimes, 'Sic transit gloria mundi,' and sometimes, 'E pluribus unum.' For there is comfort in good Latin, 'Eheu, Posthume! Posthume!'

"I try to compose my mind for the future. It is clear that it is nothing but the army which supports the new buildings, and I endeavor to fancy the deplorable aspect of our once lovely island when the pest-house is gone—when the laboring man who can not move away, has no fear of the deadly destroyer striking down his wife or child—when our political meetings are not controlled by official bullies—when, in the place of panic, there is peace and pleasant homes where lately disease reigned absolute monarch.

"But my mind sickens at the picture, and I turn away. You have read the 'Deserted Village,' and Young's 'Night Thoughts,' and Blair's 'Grave?' The elegiac spirit of those poems is the mood of my mind as I contemplate the changed scene, O Evarts! O Noyes! O Tiemann! O Cap'n M. or N.—who *is* sufficient for these things?

"With many tears, I am, Dear Lounger,
"Your servant,
"WEEPINGTON CRAPE."

Mr. Crape has our tenderest sympathy. His nature is evidently too finely strung for a world of Sepoys. But will he not take comfort in the reflection that the buildings, however they may be called "temporary," will certainly last until next year, and the Mayor will have the satisfaction of punishing the wicked islanders by another good honest bout of yellow fever. There is great hope to be indulged that at least twenty Sepoys will be taken off by the pestilence next summer. It is not many, indeed, but under the Mayor's fostering care the number may be largely increased. We can not hope for a decimation of the island in one year; but Mr. Crape, and the Mayor, and Cap'n M. or N. may enjoy the pleasing consciousness that they have done all that was possible to promote that result.

Only let them not weary of well-doing.

CAISSA.

WHETHER Mr. Paul Morphy can beat Mr. Howard Staunton in a match of chess may be a question; but he has certainly beaten him at the game of good manners. Judgment goes against Mr. Staunton by default. He has shirked and delayed and prevaricated, and in his paper he has insinuated and asserted, until it is clear to all the world that he is afraid to meet Morphy and play with him. If he should screw his courage up to try it and be defeated, the crown will fall from his head without a single regret from any body. The whole world will wish Morphy to win, and will sympathize in his success.

The genius of this wonderful youth is as inexplicable as that of a poet. He seems to play by a marvelous instinct. His combinations in eight simultaneous games are beyond calculation. There is a kind of fate in his play, and it is not surprising that Mr. Harrwitz's nervous system was disturbed, nor that Mr. Staunton's temper is deranged.

Ought not the Common Council to give him a dinner upon his return?

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—We who were brought up upon wholesome fairy tales mistrust your modern spirits, and would send your wrappers to the *rapparees*. To show that we are still in the faith of 'the talking bird, the singing tree, and the golden water,' I inclose the accompanying verses.

"EVENING IN THE FIELDS.

"At eve she wandered through the fresh-mown grass,
Along a hedgerow bordering waving corn,
The turf was spicy with young sassafras,
And all along the silent fields were borne
The distant stroke and softened melody
Of oars, and boat-songs from the twilight sea.

"Sweet vespers rang from woods and meadows far,
Where the wild song-birds bid the sun good-by;
The day had faded, but one soft, large star
Grew into glory from the shadowy sky,
While o'er the dim horizon's dreamy glow
A shimmering mist crept ghostly, cold, and slow.

"And 'thus,' she sighed, 'thus o'er my horoscope,
While Love's own planet burns before my eyes,
All trembling with the beams of holy hope;
Thus do the heavy mists of doubt arise,
And dreary twilight dusks the living light,
And all things chill and shiver to the night.'

"Her soul grew sick with vague, uncertain fear,
When from its home, amid the perfume hay,
A little meadow lark, that caroled near,
In words articulate seemed sweet to say,
'Listen, sad heart, from far across the sea
I breathe the song the breezes brought to me.

"'Oh! let no mists of portent gather o'er thee,
All dim and vast,
Nor ghosts of dead affections rise before thee
From out the past.

"'Before Love's dewy dawn dark shadows fleeing
Set sunlight free;
Trust is Love's sun, its very vital being—
Oh, trust in me.

"'Then welcome Hope! Adieu to weary grieving,
For all life through;
The feelings purest, sweetest, are believing
And proving true.'

"C. O. NIGHTINGALE.

"NIGHTINGALE HOUSE, *Oct.*, 1858."

THE LECTURES.

THE lectures are beginning again. There may have been some want of interest last year in consequence of the universal trouble; but this year the announcements are not fewer nor less promising than in any former season. The Lyceum is now so firmly established that there can be no question of its existence, but only of its influence. And that is as good as any patriot could wish. The most popular lecturers are men of large and generous sympathies, who may treat a variety of subjects; but whatever is treated is handled in a noble and inspiring manner.

When you reflect that from the middle of November to the end of March, on every evening except Sunday, in every place of a thousand inhabitants and more, all through New England and the Middle States, people are assembling by hundreds and thousands to listen to an hour's discussion of every historical, scientific, moral, literary, æsthetic, and social topic, and that the speakers are compelled by the necessities of the case to an eloquent and striking method, you may easily imagine what the influence of the Lyceum must be.

If only some lecturer would give us his diary in print! If only some lecturer dared to do so! What tales of humor and character! What fun and pathos and picturesqueness! Cold apples, and cold beds, and cold rooms—every thing cold but the welcome and the eloquence.

—And yet how closely must every lecturer compute the statistics of accidents upon railroads!

—And wonder where the rainy evenings are to come in!

—And how many autographs he is going to write.

—And how many pounds of beef-steak he is to eat.

—And a thousand other interesting questions.

Among the rest, he will ask himself how many new laborers he is to find in the vineyard?

It is curious to remark how slowly the number of Lyceum lecturers enlarges. But there are two names that appear this year in the list of the Brooklyn Mercantile Library that are fresh and full of promise. Thomas Hicks, the painter, is to lecture upon the "History and Mission of Art," and Richard O'Gorman upon "Goldsmith and his Friends." Hicks's admirable eulogy upon the sculptor, Crawford, read before the Century Club last winter, showed great skill in picturesque narration, with a noble and beautiful philosophy of art. Mr. O'Gorman's public appearances, except at the bar, have been limited to a few occasional speeches at dinners, and the re-opening of the late lamented Crystal Palace. But he is so fascinating and eloquent an orator that we may be very sure his portrait of his countryman, Goldsmith, will be a living picture.

Every Association deserves the public gratitude which brings forward a new and good lecturer. The field is broad, the harvest ripe—why are the workmen not more numerous?

A NEW READING.

THAT vague personage, "a gentleman of this city," is perpetually producing new dramas of "society" at all the theatres. He used to act in them, but he now contents himself with writing them. "A gentleman of this city" generally fails in these undertakings, but, during the last week, a young lady of this city has done a very difficult thing of the same kind, and, as we learn, has done it successfully. To read any poem to an audience is not easy; but to read a poem in hexameters, although it be as picturesque and beautiful as "Miles Standish," in a manner to please a public assembly, is a genuine success. Miss Virginia Vaughan is, therefore, to be congratulated upon her *début* as a public reader; and will, perhaps, give another opportunity of estimating her powers, by reading some production of more concentrated dramatic power than the Puritan pastoral and love-story.

Whoever can read well in public should be able to act. The skill which Mrs. Kemble shows in reading is purely dramatic. Strictly speaking, it is not reading at all; it is a dramatic monologue. We may, therefore, fairly look for Miss Vaughan's appearance upon the stage; and there her career will depend solely upon her talent. There can be no doubt that she will have a generous hearing whenever she chooses to command it. Her success the other evening is an earnest of her dramatic aspiration and skill. Melpomene waits for, and always welcomes, a fresh and able interpreter. May Miss Vaughan prove to be one!

DAYBREAK.

JOHN MORRISSEY, the victor in the recent brutal fight near Buffalo, has written a letter to the papers, which deserves attention and commendation. He declares that he has fought his last fight; that he stated, before the battle, that he should thereafter abandon the business of bruising, whatever the result of the conflict might be; and now having conquered, he repeats his determination, and vows to live cleanly in all coming time.

The letter in which he announces this agreeable and wise resolution is manly and honest. He insists that he will not be piqued nor bullied into farther fighting, but that, if he be assaulted, he hopes he knows how to defend himself. There will hardly be two parties upon that question. The platform he laid down at Buffalo is conclusive upon it.

We congratulate Mr. Morrissey upon his determination and his letter. When he says, "My duties to my family and myself require me to devote my time and my efforts to purposes more laudable and advantageous," he may be sure every well-disposed citizen and honest man agrees with him. When he says, "I shall exercise the right of protecting myself, and trust to the countenance of all fair men to sustain me in my peaceable determination," he says something to which every fair man is bound to respond.

Let him hold fast by his resolution. Let him believe that heart and brain are quite as respectable as muscle. Let him understand that in this country every man who is resolved to retrieve a doubtful reputation *can* do it if he *will* do it. And when he says in the letter, explaining his conduct after the fight, that, "intending never again to be engaged in a prize-fight, I strove to conduct myself with all manliness and decorum, hoping in some degree to relieve myself from the public odium of the occasion," he shows an understanding of the case which is the best possible augury of the success of his intention.

If he will be the champion of good order and decency, as he proposes, he will find that he *has* vindicated himself in public estimation.

CARLYLE'S FREDERICK.

To look upon a great picture of a great painter for the first time—to hold in the hand a new flower from a famous tree—to talk with a poet, or a philosopher, or statesman, when they talk wisely—are all among the chief pleasures of life. But to read the life of a great man, told by a great man, who is able to see and reveal to others the springs of power and influence, is the highest of all literary enjoyments, except the reading of a new poem such as only the great poets write.

That enjoyment is provided for the public by the publication of the first two volumes of Carlyle's Life of Frederick the Great of Prussia, which the Harpers have just ready. We have not yet read it. We have taken it in hand and looked into it, and tasted it with hungry eyes, here and there, and caught the deep, rich tints of the gorgeous descriptions—the keen, white flashes of perception, and the pure heights of noble thought.

It is a question already answered in many minds whether Carlyle is not the profoundest and most stalwart of living thinkers and authors. Certainly his immense power is beyond question. In this book, also, his extensive erudition in the most unpromising directions is equally evident. But no scholar was ever less cumbered with his learning. He wears it as a crusader his chain mail—which merely strengthened the force of his arm and the grace of his movement.

The opening picture of this book is so alluring that few readers will consent to turn away without going through the gallery. When we shall all have done so, we can talk farther of it.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—Here follows a life-like portrait of the Lounger, which he has pleasure in pasting upon the outside of his Letter-box:

"Your Lounger, like all his class, seems to be a free-and-easy sort of a fellow. From the way he handles first principles in relation to the Quarantine affair (I refer to last Number received here), one would expect to see, if we met him, a fellow going at a 2.40 gait, with a devil-may-care pace, his breeches legs crammed into his boots, his hat on the back of his head, his angle of vision about forty-five degrees above the horizon, with a 'long nine stuck in the corner of his mouth stomping 'round,' like a blind mule tied to a cabbage-stock in a thunder-storm, generally."

—The poets "Try-o," "R. I.," "Germaine," intrust their poems to the Lounger. But he thinks the pleasure of the public and the fame of the poets will both be more surely secured by not printing them. That resolution indicates his opinion.

—The following has an air of satire:

"MARCELLUS, *October*, 1858.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—As I see from the numerous letters you receive from time to time (particularly one concerning Poe's 'Raven') that the impression has got out that you are a remarkably good-natured, self-sacrificing Lounger, I feel encouraged to make a request which, otherwise, I should not have ventured upon. There is a poem called 'Paradise Lost'—written, I believe, by one John Milton—which I have heard much of, and have great curiosity to see. Please print it in your next paper (together with two or three of Shakespeare's plays) for the 'benefit of your readers.' They must be more interested in something of this kind than in the continual novelty you offer them. Besides, we shall save buying the books. Respectfully,

"M. T. HEAD."

—"A STUDENT" is clearly correct.

"FRANKLIN COLLEGE, GEORGIA, *Oct.*, 1858.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—In *Harper's Weekly* of the 2d inst. you publish a verse written by 'H., of Baltimore,' in which there occurs the word 'unresistless.' This word is not to be found in Webster's unabridged dictionary. I know that poets are privileged occasionally to coin words; but it appears to me that, in this instance, the word 'unresistless' would express an idea directly opposite to that which the poet intended. Please enlighten me as soon as it is convenient. STUDENT."

—Apropos of the renewed interest in transatlantic communication awakened by the laying of the wire, the Lounger receives the following letter. Who will help him answer it? The letter begins with a quotation from a speech at the cable-banquet:

"'In 1838 the little British steamer *Sirius*, Captain Roberts, as bold as Columbus, ventured from the highlands of Britain, and, in spite of the wind, anchored off our Battery, before a multitude as astounded as if, in these dog-days, the bright Dog-star, Sirius, had dropped from its constellation of Canis Major upon that Battery. Steam then conquered wind and ocean wave, and old Æolus was hushed up.'

"Did not the *Savannah*, an American steamship, make the first ocean steam-voyage on record between New York and Liverpool? It was in 1820, I think, that she went over, and I recollect to have read the accounts given of the people's astonishment at seeing the ship gliding into an English port without the aid of tug or sails, and how they had gone out in boats, at first, to render her assistance, supposing, from the smoke made by her furnaces, that she was on fire. The *Savannah* was built, I believe, with a view to selling her to the Russian government, and from Liverpool (I think that was the port she made in England) she went to St. Petersburg, but failing in the expected sale to the Czar, she returned to New York and was continued in use many years, but whether with steam-power or not I entirely forget.

"I may be wrong in the date, but I think, at any rate, that the *Savannah's* ocean voyage preceded that of the *Sirius*, though undoubtedly practical results followed the latter which did not attend the former. But, for the honor of our country, let us have the true history, if the result is in our favor; and if not, let those who suppose it is be corrected, that they may not again, as I, and doubtless many others, have often done, claim what history will not sustain.

"I think that many of your readers would thank you for a brief account of the voyage of the *Savannah*.

"Respectfully yours, J. E. H.

"ROCHESTER."

"LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, *October*, 1858.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—Do you call the following lines '*poetry?*' If you do, you may publish them in your valuable *Weekly;* if not, please say what you term true '*poetry.*' Here it is:

"TO FRANCES.

"*By Napoleonsis.*

"Frances, 'tis on thy face we loving gaze,
Where friendship's features ever plays—
That faultless brow, how fair and high,
That deck the ever-sunlit eye—
Those tresses, beautiful and fair,
But picture ornate beauties there."

—If the Lounger might be permitted to express an opinion of true poetry by a negative, he would say that the above stanza is *not* true *poetry.*

"MILTON, N. C., *October*, 1858.

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—As the friend of 'BELLE HERRON' and 'AMICUS' I claim *fair play* for the latter. You published 'BELLE,' and, now, why not give 'AMICUS' a hearing, in reply? Fair play, dear Lounger—fair play—'Let justice be done if the heavens fall'—I call for 'AMICUS.' A SUBSCRIBER."

—The Lounger does not recall that he has received any note from Amicus. If he has, it has probably gone away, without any unjust intention upon the Lounger's part.

—MUNCHI propounds a learned inquiry to the Lounger. It is funny as well as learned. So funny that it is best not to speak of it farther.

—HOMO, "a man of family," writes to protest against the fashion, which he declares is beginning to infect good society, of "clipping the front hair short on both sides of the face, and then frizzling the same." If, however, it be really coming, it will come. Homo might as well protest against the coming of snow. Fashion does not depend upon any law of beauty, or fitness, or propriety. It is perfectly whimsical and arbitrary. There may be reason in Alexander's having his profile taken rather than his full face, because he may have a wry neck. But when others of straight necks have their profiles taken, because of Alexander's example, then it is a fashion.

NOTHING NEW.

"THERE is nothing new!" to me said One,
Gravely quoting threadbare Solomon—
"There is nothing new beneath the sun!"

"Ah! what foolish wisdom this!" I cried.
"Adages are pompous robes that hide
The nothingness of that which goes inside.

"Nothing is new?—No silver second falls
Tinkling through creation's echoing halls,
But something blooms: some voice awakes and calls!

"Spring, when she floats across the hills and seas,
Hangs not her last year's garlands on the trees.
Last autumn's fruits were not the twins of these.

"Nothing is new? Ingenious sophist, go!
Lift up your cradle's coverlet of snow—
Is this the babe you lost so long ago?"

—RUT T. BAGA states that his "ladye fayre" wished him to write to the Lounger, and wonders whether it were from admiration of the Lounger—or did she dislike him—or did she wish to elevate R. T. B. into good society? There is yet one possibility not suggested—she may have wished to get rid of R. T. B. Yes—even that. Some women would be capable of it.

—"DOLLFACE's" story is in the Lounger's hands. He read it with pleasure; but it will not be printed for many reasons. Had she been reading Browning when she wrote "Pear-talk?"

—From much verse in his box—and why does the verse so generally sink to the bottom of the box?—the Lounger can not select "Hope" nor "Skip's" sonnet from Columbus, Ohio, but will offer, as a specimen of the poetry that is written abundantly every day, the following:

WHAT I WOULD BE.

I would not be a garden flower,
Just to please thine eye
With my beauty for an hour,
Then all-forgotten die.
I would be the fruitage joyous
Of the glowing vine;
Making thy life glad and glorious
With my golden wine.

I would not be the weak flame shining
On thy page of life,
To every idle breeze inclining
In coquettish strife.
I would be the changeless star-fire
Thou couldst trust to guide
Thy weary feet through gloom and mire
When the lamp had died.

SHADOW.

Dark hair, that sweeps across a brow
Whereon soft light, like moonlight, lies;
A tender smile is on its lips,
A sadness in the serious eyes.

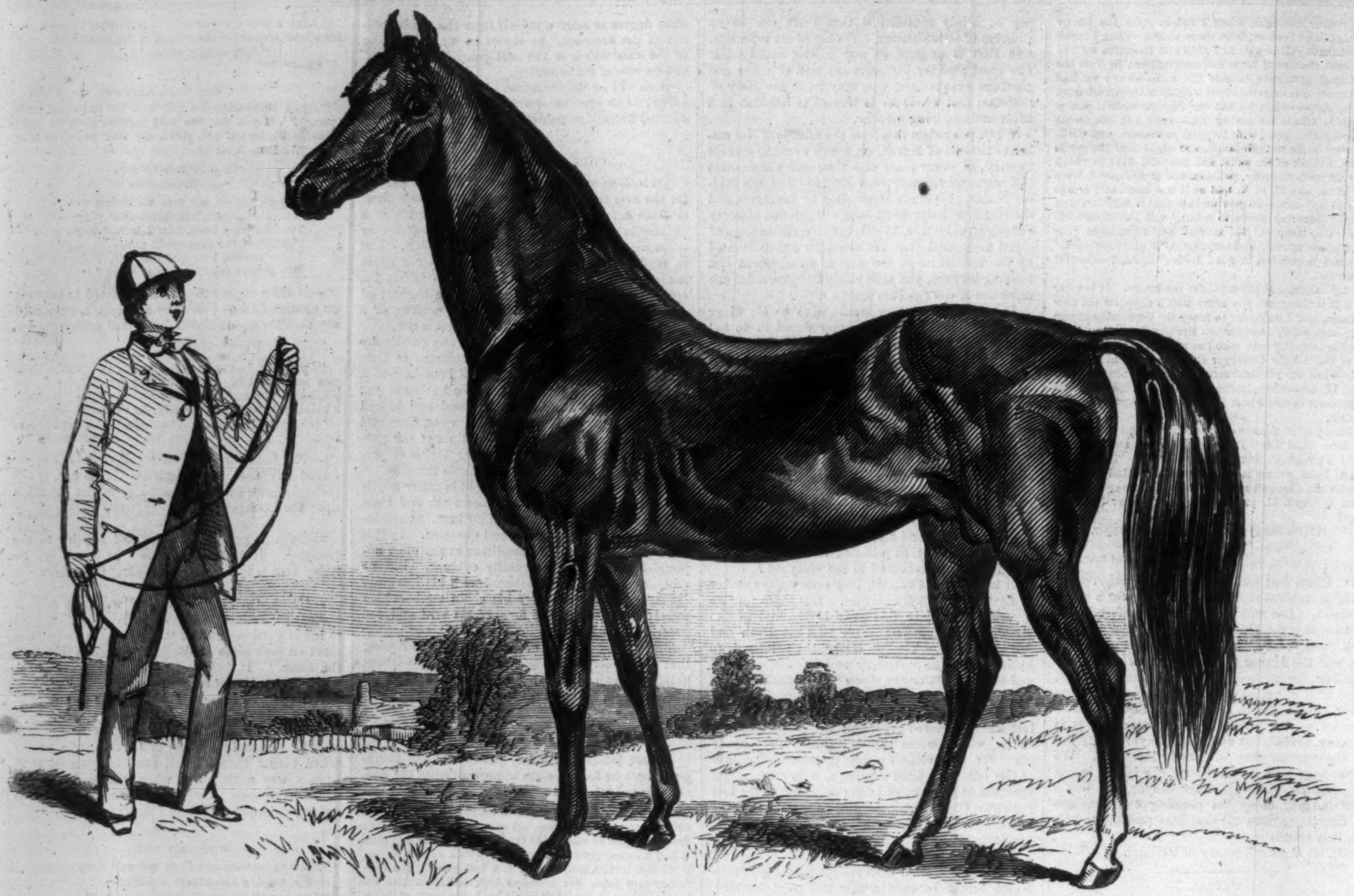
The eyes are oftener turned aside,
Full shot with tears, lest there should be
Within their shadowy depths a love
It were not best that I should see.

At times the shadow tries to speak;
But what the trembling lips would say
I never know, for as they move
The face grows faint and fades away.

And in the stead of murmurs low,
A gush and flow of happy words,
The only sound my spirit hears
Is like a song of flying birds.

And so it comes from day to day;
Yet still I bend my listening ear
To catch the words that never come,
The words I'd stake my soul to hear.

SHIRLEY.



THE THOROUGH-BRED HORSE "CONSTERNATION," OWNED BY J. B. WELSH, OF SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.

THOROUGH-BRED HORSES IN THE UNITED STATES.

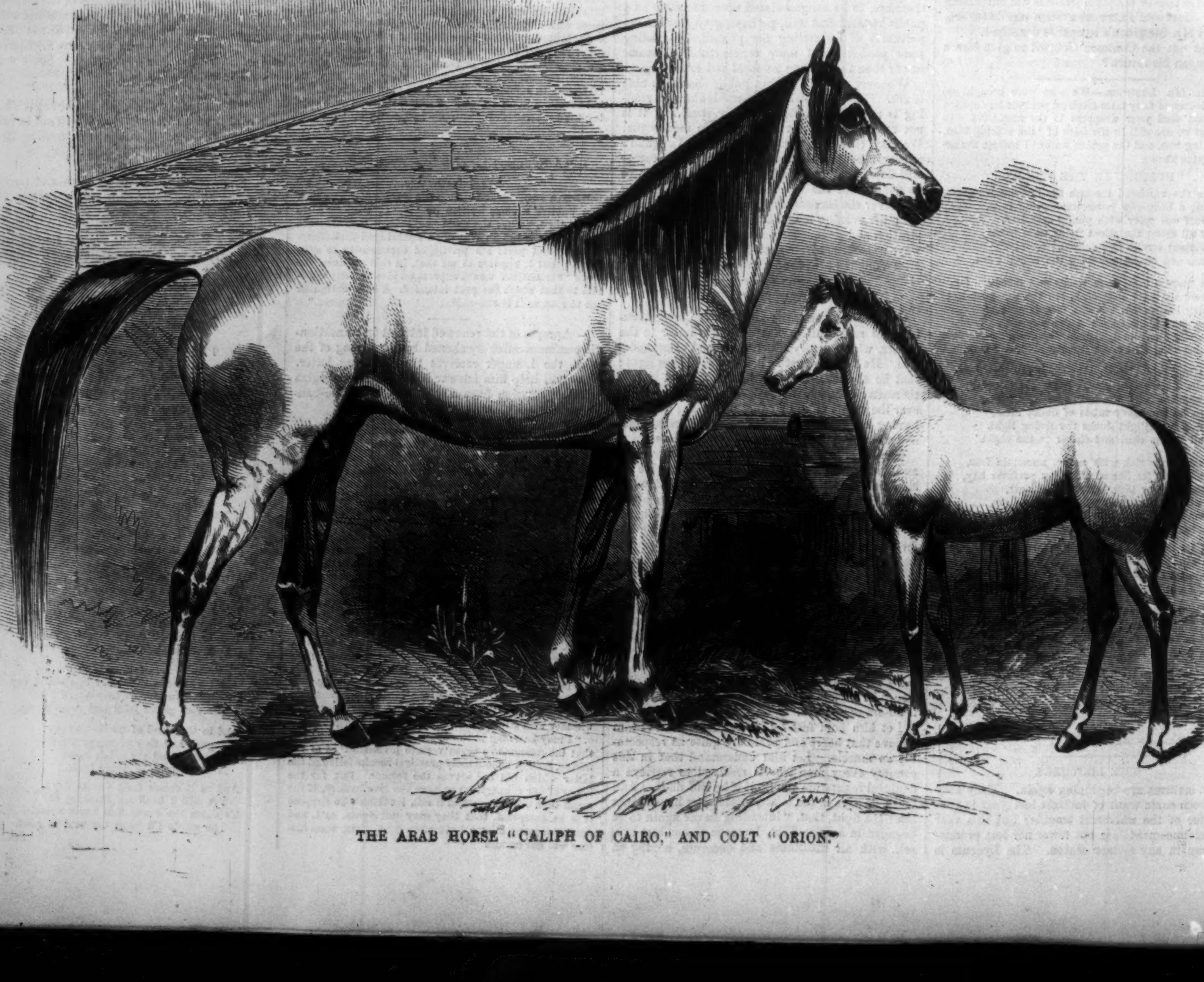
WE give herewith three of the great attractions of the Horse Fair just held at the Eclipse Course, Long Island. The horses chosen for illustration were "Consternation," a thorough-bred; "Caliph," a pure Arabian; and the celebrated colt "Orion."

"Consternation," who was even more admired than his rival the beautiful Arabian, was bred by Mathew Hornsey, at Stittenham, Yorkshire, England, 1841. Imported by Mr. Albot, June, 1845. Now owned by J. B. Welsh, Syracuse, New-York. Got by Confederate out of Curiosity, by Figaro.—Her dam by Waxy.—Her dam Bizaarre by Peruvian, out of Violante by John Bull, sister to Sky-Scraper, by Highflyer, by Herod, by Flying Childers, etc. Confederate by Comus out of Maritornes, by Cervantes out of Sally, by Sir Peter, by Highflyer, by Herod, by Flying Childers. Figaro by Haphazard, by Sir Peter, out of Mrs. Hervey, by Eclipse.

The famous Arabian Stallion, "Caliph of Cairo," was imported by Judge Richard B. Jones, Consul-General of the United States for Egypt, having been presented to his little nephew by Abbas Pacha, Viceroy of Egypt, when a colt of a year and a half old. This beautiful creature is now in his eighth year. His coat is of a most glossy texture, resembling a beautiful piece of white satin. His mane and tail, as also his knees and hocks, are black, and he is, perhaps, the fairest specimen of a perfect Arab ever seen in this country.

"Orion," the colt, is the property of John Hudson, Camden County, New Jersey. He was sired by Caliph, dam a Morgan mare. He is five months old, and has been greatly admired by all who have seen him.

The closing cavalcade of the Horse Fair was, in the language of a spectator, "an imposing spectacle, comprising, as it did, some magnificent stallions and brood mares. Some of the colts and fillies looked remarkably well, and their fine appearance gave much hope for the future. There was a fair representation of thorough-bred stallions, native and imported, a few of them being very fine horses. The trotting stallions were more numerous, and of a superior class."



THE ARAB HORSE "CALIPH OF CAIRO," AND COLT "ORION."

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL RECEIVING HIS COMRADES' CONGRATULATIONS ON HIS PROMOTION TO THE RANK OF CORPORAL.

THE SON OF FRANCE AGAIN.

So much interest attaches to the little boy who is heir to the throne of France, that we make no apology for giving another picture of him. The accompanying engraving represents him in the act of receiving a company of his comrades in arms who have come to congratulate him on his promotion to the rank of corporal. What will be the future boyhood and manhood of one whose infancy was marked by such scenes?

THE CALABOOSE IN SALT LAKE CITY.

FEARFUL SUFFERINGS OF GENTILE PRISONERS—INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

[*From our Utah Correspondent.*]

SALT LAKE CITY, *September* 30, 1858.

THE last United States official who left Salt Lake Valley was, I believe, Dr. Hurt, the Indian Agent. He is a most worthy man, and withal exceedingly good-looking. If any thing besides his national patriotism and devotion was needed to secure to him the abiding hatred of the Mormon men his good looks was all-sufficient. They could not and would not pardon his fine form, his magnificent beard, and brilliant eye—he should be avenged for them. So, last winter, they sought to maim him—to inflict upon him the most brutal, savage, and disgusting outrages—outrages so shocking that they can not even be named in a public sheet. The less brutal Indians (a band of whom chanced to be in Salt Lake City) rescued the Doctor.—They seized him, by main force put him upon his horse, and run him off, pursued by a band of assassins, or Danites. The Indians, however, outsped their more savage pursuers, and conducted Dr. Hurt across the mountains safely into General Johnston's camp.

But all our citizens were not so fortunate in making their escape. The story of some of them is written in blood, and pain, and nakedness, and filth, and vermin, and destitution, and want of every kind, in the cells of the "calaboose," or prison, an engraving of which is herewith presented. It is a wretched mud hovel, and last winter it was cold, hideous, and nasty. The unhappy denizens of it during that time were Messrs. P. M'Neil, W. H. Fabens, and Charles Miles. The first two entered Salt Lake City on the 15th of October, 1857, *en route* for California. They proceeded south as far as Fillmore, finding on the way the bodies of two Americans murdered by the Mormons. They saw the effects of the slaughtered men in the hands of the Mormons, and heard the latter specify the exact amount of money the former had when they were assassinated. Finding they could not proceed further without being deprived of that part of their composition commonly denominated the corporeal, they preferred resigning their dreams of the Golden State rather than their breath and bodies; so they turned northward, intending to reach General Johnston's army if possible. Before doing this, however, they attempted to go to California under the protection of the Saints; so they sold their horses to one of the members of the "Latter Day Saints of the Church of Jesus Christ throughout all the World," for and in consideration of his taking them to California. To the honor of the pious brother among Gentiles, be it known that he faithfully fulfilled one part of his contract—by persistently keeping the horses; and to his honor among the Saints, be it known that he faithfully (according to their faith) broke the other part of the contract—by persistently refusing to conduct the gentlemen to California.

On returning to Salt Lake City they were joined by Mr. Charles Miles and a young man named Brown. The whole party then started for, and succeeded in getting within thirty miles of, Camp Scott when they were stopped by the Mormon Guard and made prisoners; thence they were sent, under the charge of a band of armed men, back to Salt Lake City. While they were at Weber River Mr. Brown was taken sick, and consequently was not guarded very closely; so, one night, while the Mormons were praying to their material, polygamic, and polytheistic gods, he made his escape, and eventually reached General Johnston's camp. The remaining three—Fabens, M'Neil, and Miles—were imprisoned in Salt Lake City, in the *adobé* or mud house seen in the engraving.

The building is divided into cells, and is surrounded by a high board fence, only one part of which is shown in the illustration. The calaboose was always guarded by eight men, who were changed every day, so fearful were the Mormons lest the prisoners should escape. The guard were ordered not to let either of the prisoners leave the house. A sentry walked before the house and another before the gate all the time, day and night. The prisoners' arms and moneys were taken from them; they were not supplied with any clean or fresh clothing; they were unable to purchase any themselves. So there they lived all winter long, ragged, almost naked, filthy and lousy from compulsion, without occupation or diversion. At night they threw themselves upon the floor, heart-sick and head-sick, with deep, unutterable woe; in the morning they rose from their dirty beds whelmed with disgust and wretchedness. Each day but repeated the united miseries of its preceding ones. Yet these men were not branded with any crimes; their hands were not stained with any misdeeds. Their crime was that of being American citizens; that was the beginning and end of their offending. And yet this all occurred in the domains of the United States, in the year 1858. One of those men had been a civil officer—an agent of our Government to a foreign land; still, here he was, within his own brave, mighty, and far-famed native land, subjected to such inhuman suffering because he was a citizen of his country, and would not bend his knee a suppliant or an adorer of the vile wretch, impostor, and blasphemer who has so wronged, debased, and enslaved an unfortunately ignorant people.

During the winter Mr. Miles was taken out under the pretense of being sent to California. As he has never been heard of since, he is supposed to have been "sent to hell across lots"—the way Brigham, in a sermon, threatened to send there not only all Gentiles but all Saints who achieved his enmity.

While Governor Cumming was in the city last spring, M'Neil obtained some money with which he purchased liquor, and getting the guard drunk with it one night, he escaped, went to the Governor and told him how the prisoners were situated. The Governor declared he could do nothing for them; he was himself guarded and spied upon by the Mormons, though he claimed

THE CALABOOSE IN SALT LAKE CITY.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BURR & MOGO.]

that they had then recognized him as Governor, and that he exercised full executive authority in the Territory. M'Neil was caught by the Mormons and lodged in the calaboose again, but after remaining there two days was taken out and carried no one knew whither. Shortly after, the body of a man was found floating down the Jordan, with deep flesh wounds upon it; the report instantly spread, and was for a long time credited, that it was the corpse of M'Neil. Such was not the case, however; for on the 10th of May ten armed Mormons took Fabens from the calaboose and M'Neil from the Territorial prison and forced them south. They were met at different points by fresh guards, who conducted the prisoners down into the far southern part of the Territory. M'Neil was kept with ball and chain on him at Salt Creek. Fabens got a file from a Mormon who had apostatized in head and heart, and with it filed the chain from M'Neil's leg and threw it into the creek. It was some time before the guard found it out; they then flew into a passion about it, but had no other ball and chain to put upon him. The chain had worn into his flesh very badly.

The guard left them at Cedar City, and they were ordered by the President to go further south. They considered their only hope was in flight: so on Saturday, the 5th of June, they started and fled northward, traveling by night and resting during the day. By traveling at night, and when there was danger of being apprehended, taking to the mountains, they succeeded in reaching Salt Lake City on Monday morning the 21st of June. The United States Commissioners were here then as well as many other Christian citizens of our Republic, the Mormons having condescended (as they would have us believe) to accept peace and the President's pardon. So Fabens and M'Neil were protected and cared for by us Gentiles. Shortly after this Fabens was boarding at the house of one of the sisters whose lord had taken unto himself a second better half, leaving the first to "root hog or die" as best she could; that little act had the potent effect of illuminating her religious understanding. She could no longer see Joe Smith as a prophet; the internal evidence of Brigham's divine inspiration ceased; in short, she apostatized, and wanted to commence a suit against her husband for adultery, for leaving her and marrying another woman; but there was one little difficulty in the way, she had not any means for beginning or carrying on such a suit. Mr. Fabens, too, has long been waiting to commence a suit against Brigham for false imprisonment, but, perhaps, the same difficulty impedes the progress of his suit.

He was with Walker in Central America during the wars there, and is, consequently, quite a filibuster. Had not General Johnston had the discretion to send the volunteers to the States before discharging them, he (Fabens) would have taken a band of them and played the big Indian game of the Mormons back on them with compound interest, by sweeping some night through the valley and running off all their best or fleetest animals and starting to California with them. "Once let me get started," said Fabens, "and all hell can't catch me." He was sometimes, however, engaged in the planning and execution of more honorable exploits. There were keeping house for Judge Eckels, before his departure East, a giant-framed, hardy Englishman and his wife—a delicate woman—who were formerly Mormons, but on apostatizing, their son, an only child, was taken from them and kept in the valley. They fled to the army, and have clung to it ever since, hoping only for the recovery of their child. The mother loves him as a mother only loves; she lives but on the hope that he lives. Her prayer day after day, and month after month, has been, "My son! my son! oh, give me back my son!" The boy is, too, his father's hope and pride, so no effort is spared to obtain him. On arriving in the valley, last spring, it was deemed more expedient to ascertain where the boy was, and obtain him privately, if possible, than to issue a legal process for him. So Fabens was dispatched to the south part of the Territory, where it was understood the child was kept, to see if he could be obtained. Fabens acted up to the emergencies of the case, but the boy could not be found. Mr. and Mrs. Wardsworth were sad indeed on learning this. Judge Eckels used to make every effort to cheer the unhappy mother; sometimes he would do it by telling her very queer stories. When the utmost gloom and want prevailed in Camp Scott last winter, he entered the cabin one night, and seeing Mrs. Wardsworth greatly depressed, he said to her,

"Well, I have just written to my wife, and told her that at last we have had to come to it."

"Come to what, Judge?"

"I told her that we have been reduced to mule steaks, that they had sent me a great piece of a dead mule, and that my housekeeper, Mrs. Wardsworth, in the most melancholy mood, began to prepare it for dinner; but she had no sooner placed it on the fire than it commenced braying, whereupon Mrs. Wardsworth ran out of the cabin and screamed at the top of her voice, 'The Mormons! the Mormons!'"

Mrs. Wardsworth could not help a burst of laughter at this very just caricature of her constant brooding fears of the Mormons, arising chiefly from the anxiety for her son.

Though the majority of the women in Mormondom are from the very lowest class of society, and possessed of an ignorance so great that an intelligent person can not imagine how it is possible for it to exist in this age, still there is occasionally among them a woman who has been seduced from the upper walks of life. When the three hundred apostate Mormons arrived at Camp Scott last spring from Salt Lake Valley, naked, destitute, and suffering, there was one woman who instantly attracted the attention of every Gentile who looked upon that crude mass of wretchedness. There was that in her manner, her bearing, and general appearance, though destitute as the rest, that indicated that she had been bred in a very different society, and amidst far different scenes. She complained not nor asked for any thing; but the soldiers, with that magnanimous burst of feeling, of sympathy and chivalric devotion characteristic of them, stripped themselves of their own clothes to cover her nakedness and forced money upon her. The soldiers' wives gave her of their apparel till she was soon neatly attired. She was found to be a lady of fine accomplishments, superior education, and brilliant conversational abilities. All who knew her learned to admire and pity her. She was the wife of a man named Southerland. Her maiden name she rarely if ever mentioned. She did not want it to be generally known, but it is known, and she is said to be, and she claims to be, the daughter of the chief editor of the London *Times*. If this is so nothing should prevent her father from aiding her now. She is married to a man of whom little can be said. She accepted him, according to report, as a last resort to keep out of polygamy.

When the army entered last spring, there were quite a number of persons came with it whom the Mormons did not care about seeing. Among these was Mr. Bridger, the old Man of the Mountains, after whom Bridger's Fort is named. Now Bridger is quite a character. He has lived out in these mountains many years. He first told the Mormons where this valley was. During their first winter here they owed their salvation from starvation almost entirely to him; but they have since ill-treated him, for they soon learn to hate every man who knows too much about them. Bridger, knowing this country perfectly, also the Mormons, was an important man for General Johnston, who always kept him employed as guide. If any officer wanted to know any thing about the country he would always go to Bridger to find it out. Sometimes, however, they would be astounded by his statements; for instance, he always persists that the sun now rises several miles further to the north than it did when he first came to the country. No amount of reasoning will convince him otherwise, for he says he has natural objects marked which prove it. Like all mountain men, he is very modest as to his own experiences and adventures. At one time Mr. Bridger informed a group of officers that he had discovered a great crystal rock or mountain on the plains, which rose thousands of feet perpendicularly above the level desert sand. The crystal was so pure and beautiful that he could see through the whole vast rock just as he could through a window. He was interrogated:

"You know where the rock is?"

"Yes."

"Who other than yourself has seen it?"

"Nobody."

"Why, has no one but you ever seen it?"

"Why, how could any one else see it when it is fifteen days from wood, water, and grass!"

LITERARY.

PROFESSOR LOOMIS is a man of remarkable intellect. His NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, for Academies and Schools, published by Harper & Brothers, is the evidence of this. It is no ordinary school-book. It is a clear and telling account of the phenomena of nature and their causes. It speaks to the mind of the student with all the force of the human voice. This results from the author's admirable manner of conveying instruction. Perhaps the best illustration we can give of this is by saying that the book, although a text-book for students, is in reality a readable volume for any one who enjoys scientific information. We have seldom met with a book of more interest for an evening's examination and perusal; and applying this remark to its character as a text-book, the value of the work will be apparent at once. It conveys information as a matter of interest, and teaches the student the employment of every new fact or principle which he acquires. Thus it fixes its contents indelibly on the mind, and when the scholar has forgotten all the dry details of the ordinary text-book, he will find the instructions of Professor Loomis fresh and clear in his memory. We therefore commend the book to teachers in schools and colleges throughout the country, as probably the most valuable text-book on Natural Philosophy hitherto offered to their hands.

REV. DAVID TAPPAN STODDARD was a missionary to the Nestorians, who died at his post two years ago. He was a man of mark even in the devoted band of missionaries in the East, among whom are such men as Calhoun of Abeiya, Thomson of Sidon, Eli Smith of Beyrout, Goodell of Constantinople, Perkins of Oroomiah, and others whom we could name, whose praise is in all the churches. Such men are the pioneers of civilization as well as of religion, and the age has arrived when their services are beginning to be acknowledged by those who scoff at their religious objects. Stoddard was a New England man, and carried to the Nestorian country his New England character. He taught the natives after a Yankee plan, and with distinguished success. His Memoir, edited by Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, D.D., and published by Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co., is therefore a valuable and an interesting book. It is chiefly composed of Mr. Stoddard's own letters, and these involve not only his personal history, but that of the mission, and a great amount of valuable information about the Nestorians and other Oriental people. We should be glad to make extracts from these letters. One of the most striking characteristics of Mr. Stoddard was his knowledge of astronomy, which he carried with him to the Eastern plains, and which enabled him to make observations, calculate eclipses, and also furnish valuable contributions to scientific knowledge. He found that at the mission station at Mount Seir the air was so pure and clear that he could see the moons of Jupiter with the naked eye—a fact which opened a new light to his mind on the powers of the old Chaldeans, whose astronomical observations without telescopic aid have been sources of wonderment to later ages. Many stars are visible to the eye there which are here seen only through glasses. The elongation of Saturn's ring, and even the phases of Venus, Mr. Stoddard observed without artificial aid. But these are indeed trivial circumstances in the life of a noble and self-sacrificing missionary compared with his labors for his fellow-men. The volume contains abundant proof of his worthy service of his Master; and the reader is interested in the progress of his labors—its trials and sufferings, its triumphs and rewards—until he scarcely knows whether to rejoice or lament that the end came, and God took him to enjoy rest, which he needed if ever man needed it. The book is one of the most valuable biographies of the day. We can not lay it down, however, without adding that its interest is due to the subject, and not to the skill of the editor, whose work is done in a very slovenly style. The first, and introductory, chapter is but half intelligible from its introversions and obscurities; such as piety which has *twined its notes* around a grave, graves which are "sending forth the testimony and incentive of genius and scholarship and gentlemanly culture, sanctified by grace," etc., and like sentences. The subject was worthy a more experienced and careful hand; and it should not have been undertaken by a clergyman whose pastoral duties are, as the editor says of his, so very arduous that he has only been able to give the book "a summer's vacation, and such rare hours of leisure and relaxation as a city pastorate will permit."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A PROCLAMATION AGAINST FILIBUSTERS.

THE President has issued a proclamation against Walker. He says, therein, after a long preamble: "The leaders of the former illegal expeditions of the same character have openly expressed their intention to renew hostilities against Nicaragua. One of them, who has already been twice expelled from Nicaragua, has invited, through the public newspapers, American citizens to emigrate to that republic, and has designated Mobile as the place of rendezvous and departure, and San Juan del Norte as the port to which they are bound. This person, who has renounced his allegiance to the United States, and claims to be President of Nicaragua, has given notice to the Collector of the port of Mobile that two or three hundred of these emigrants will be prepared to embark from that port about the middle of November.

"For these and other good reasons, and for the purpose of saving American citizens who may have been honestly deluded into the belief that they are about to proceed to Nicaragua as peaceful emigrants, if any such there be, from the disastrous consequences to which they will be exposed, I, James Buchanan, President of the United States, have thought it fit to issue this, my proclamation, enjoining upon all officers of the Government, civil and military, in their respective spheres, to be vigilant, active, and faithful in suppressing these illegal enterprises, and in carrying out their standing instructions to that effect, and exhorting all good citizens, by their respect for the laws and their regard for the peace and welfare of the country, to aid the efforts of the public authorities in the discharge of their duties."

THE VICE-PRESIDENT FOR DOUGLAS.

Mr. Breckinridge has published a letter, in which he says: "I have often, in conversation, expressed the wish that Mr. Douglas may succeed over his Republican competitor. But it is due to candor to say that this preference is not founded on his course at the late session of Congress, and would not exist if I supposed it would be construed as an indorsement of the attitude which he then chose to assume toward his party, or of all the positions he has taken in the present canvass. It is not necessary to enlarge on these things. I will only add, that my preference rests mainly on these considerations: That the Kansas question is practically ended—that Mr. Douglas, in recent speeches, has explicitly declared his adherence to the regular Democratic party organization—that he seems to be the candidate of the Illinois Democracy, and the most formidable opponent in that State of the Republican party, and that on more than one occasion during his public life he has defended the Union of the States and the rights of the States with fidelity, courage, and great ability.

"I have not desired to say any thing upon this or any other subject about which a difference may be supposed to exist in our political family, but I did not feel at liberty to decline an answer to the courteous letter of your Committee.

"With cordial wishes for the harmony of the Illinois Democracy, and the hope that your great and growing State, which has never yet given a sectional vote, may continue true to our Constitutional Union,

"I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE."

GENERAL PAEZ AT WASHINGTON.

General Paez, accompanied by P. J. Rojas and two other members of the Venezuelan Delegation, and Mr. Herran, the New Granadian Minister, and Mr. Pombo, his Secretary, proceeded to the Executive mansion at Washington last week, and was there introduced to the President by Mr. Cass, in pursuance of a previous arrangement. General Paez said he had come to bid farewell to this nation, through its President; that he considered the United States his second home, and expressed the hope that the sympathies bestowed upon him in his exile would be extended to Venezuela. The high respect and gratitude he felt for the United States would daily increase at his fireside, and when justice or the good name of the United States required it, his friendship would be abundantly manifested as a tribute which he owed to this people, whose illustrious chief now received his adieu. The President, in reply, said he was happy to see the man who had won so great a name in the Columbian War of Independence, and who had made so many sacrifices for his country. General Paez being known as the defender of Constitutional liberty, it was gratifying to the President that he had received the nation's sympathy. With all his heart he wished him triumphant success on his return, and that Venezuela may consolidate her liberties under such an eminent leader. Entertaining the warmest feeling for the prosperity of Venezuela, he desired that the two countries would maintain the most friendly relations. If any difficulty should arise between them, he entertained no doubt it could be amicably adjusted. The interview, as General Paez subsequently remarked, was of a highly gratifying character. General Paez will dine with the President, and also with Mr. Cass, before his departure, and, as a further evidence of the friendship of our Government, will return to Venezuela in about three weeks in a national vessel tendered him for that purpose.

MRS. CRAWFORD IN ITALY AGAIN.

The Boston *Transcript* says: "We mentioned the recent departure of this estimable lady for Italy; and it may be desirable for lovers of art and native genius to know that her object in revisiting Rome is to superintend in person the fulfillment of her gifted husband's last wishes in regard to the completion of several works partially executed at the time of his death. Crawford's studio has continued open and his workmen active since that melancholy event, which has only tended to add a new though sad attraction to the scene of his prolific toil. His house also has remained with all its precious articles of *virtu* and its many valuable works of art precisely as he left it two years ago. Many complete models of half-finished statues give ample employment to his master workman, who is familiar with his method and plans, and is conscientiously elaborating them. It is thought that two years more will be required to achieve the commissions, both government and private. The present, therefore, is a rare opportunity to secure good copies of Crawford's favorite works, under the supervision of his very competent agent, and from the original models. It is hoped the entire collection of casts will yet be secured and kept together, either in New York, his native city, or here, where his memory is so fondly cherished."

CROSSING THE OCEAN IN A BALLOON.

The Troy *Times* says: "M. La Mountain, the balloonist, on Saturday last published in the *Whig* a proposition for a loan of $2500, to be applied to the construction of a vessel for navigating the air; the purpose being to accomplish a trip across the Atlantic, starting from this point and landing somewhere in England. He proposes that every person subscribing shall become a stockholder in the enterprise; and says that 'such arrangements will be made with stockholders as will secure to them a return of their money, with good interest, before the ship leaves land, or a continued interest on it, as they choose.'

"This proposition has called forth an inquiry from a professor in one of our educational institutions, designed to test the theoretical knowledge of the balloonist with regard to the subject of transatlantic aerial navigation. He is asked whether he will be able to stem the various currents of wind which blow near the surface between Europe and America? How long can his ship sustain sufficient buoyancy to keep up? What rate of motion will it be capable of in still air near the surface of the earth? His answers to these queries will show whether he possesses sufficient knowledge of the various air currents to enable him to make the experiment of crossing the ocean with his balloon. Whether such an enterprise is practicable or not is another question. There seems at least to be a general disposition in favor of experimenting in the matter; and we see no reason why, in such things, America should be in any degree behind the other peoples."

THEODORE EISFELD'S CONDITION.

The *Times* says: "We have been favored with the perusal of a letter just received from this gentleman, concerning whom so much anxiety is felt. Mr. Eisfeld is still in Fayal, and the state of his health prohibits the possibility of his return this winter. The terrible shock occasioned by the catastrophe to the *Austria* terminated in an inflammation of the lungs, under which Mr. Eisfeld is still suffering. He desires it to be known, therefore, that for the season, at least, he will be unable to resume his duties in this city as Conductor of the Philharmonic and teacher of music. With rest and the genial climate of the Azores, we may reasonably hope to have him restored to us early in the spring. It is pleasant to hear that he is meeting with kindly attention from the good people of Fayal. He speaks with heartfelt gratitude of their many favors. Mr. Eisfeld's struggle for life was more desperate than seemed possible to those who knew his feeble habit of body. After leaving the ill-fated vessel he swam for two hours and a half, until, thoroughly exhausted, he became insensible and sank. An undercurrent brought him to the surface in time to be rescued by the boat of the *Maurice*.

A SCHOOL-GIRL MARRIED WITHOUT KNOWING IT.

The Maysville (Kentucky) *Express* of the 20th ult., has the following: "On Wednesday night last, a man past the middle age of life, in company with a girl about thirteen or fourteen years of age, came to this city on the Paris stage and stopped at the Lee House. The next day they were out in the city some hours, and when they returned he claimed that they were married, but it was earnestly denied by the young lady, who gave the following account of the elopement, which really looks more like an abduction than any thing else. She is an orphan, and is possessed in her own right of several thousand dollars. She was living with her guardian, in one of the interior counties, the wife of whom is the sister of the man who claims to be her husband. She has been going to school, and has not yet finished her education, and declares that she has had no thought of marrying any one, and certainly never contemplated such a union with the man who was with her. The wife of her guardian and this man and herself went to Paris for the purpose of shopping. While there it was proposed to her to come to Maysville for the purpose of completing her purchases, to which she cheerfully agreed. She supposed the whole party were coming until she got into the stage, when she learned that the lady was going to return home, and that she was to accompany this gentleman. The next morning after their arrival here, he proposed that they should go out in town to make their purchases. He took her to the ferry-boat, and when she asked him if that was the way to the stores, he told her it was, as all the best stores were on the other side of the river. In Aberdeen, she says, some 'little old man' asked them to 'stand up and join their right hands,' which she refused to do; nevertheless he pronounced them 'man and wife.' On their return to the hotel, at the instance of the man, who registered their names as gentleman and lady, they were placed in one room. Her screams, on his attempting to take some privileges with her, brought to her aid some of the attachés of the hotel, who listened to her earnest denial of their marriage and to her pleading for protection, and placed her in a separate room. At her instance, she was the next day (Friday) sent to a relative's in another county, where she said she would be protected, while the gentleman went on a boat down the river."

HUNTING DEER WITH A STEAMBOAT.

We read in the Detroit *Free Press*: "Captain Cole, of the steamer *Columbia*, on his last trip down, when a short distance this side of Point aux Barques, saw a deer in the water about three miles from land. The boat was headed for the animal, and after arriving within a short distance of him, was stopped. The deer came near the gangway, and a rope was thrown over his head, by which he was drawn on board in an exhausted state. He was kept alive until the next day, when he regained his strength and activity, and made so much trouble that he was killed and served up to the passengers and crew, who were much gratified with their change in fare.

LIFE IN KANSAS.

A correspondent of the *Missouri Republican* gives a graphic description of his experiences in Kansas. He went into a tavern, where he saw stout big men lying on all sorts of beds, shaking with ague, while in an adjoining room teamsters were hugging and kissing their sweethearts, who sat in their laps, and the oxen were lying down by the door-sill, resting. Dogs, cats, hogs, and fowls seemed to be in partnership, enjoying squatter sovereignty. Dust and sand were flying in clouds, and the mosquitoes came down in swarms. The thermometer stood at 90° in the shade. At dinner it was every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost. The old dame came in with a frying-pan from the kitchen, and emptied its contents on a plate. It had no name, and its colors were as various as a rainbow. Small taverns may be met with on every road, with "Entertainment for man and horse" chalked on the sign.

PERSONAL.

The personal breach between the President and Mr. Corcoran is reported to be caused by the former's refusal to require the dismissal of Muruaga from the Spanish Mission, after the little difficulties between the banker and secretary which so agreeably diversified life at the Federal capital a few months ago.

Dr. Randolph, a celebrated Spiritualist, has openly recanted. In a lecture at Utica, on Sunday last, he stated it as his candid opinion, founded upon an experience of nine years as a medium, that Spiritualism was one-third imposture, one-third insanity, and one-third diabolism. Mr. Randolph declares that insanity is the usual fate of trance mediums. He has received and accepted a call to the Christian ministry.

Senator Davis has left Washington for Mississippi. The Washington *Star* says that in the course of his recent Northern tour his health has greatly improved.

The Rev. Dr. Tyng is announced to lecture in New Haven on *The Life and Character of the Missionary Judson*.

Sir William Don, the amateur actor who figured in this city not long ago, has been convicted, at the Sunderland (England) police court, of an assault upon an actor, and sentenced to a fine. The suit was brought by one Edward Burchell, who prayed relief for "willful damage to a hat, coat, shirt; his property, valued at £1 5s." Sir William got enraged at something that went wrong before the curtain at the Lyceum Theatre, where he and

Burchell were performing, and revenged himself by banging Burchell's valuable person against the properties.

Mr. J. B. Gough is suffering from an attack of illness at Orkney, and has been advised to proceed to Edinburgh, and put himself under medical treatment.

Balfe has set to music Longfellow's poem "Daybreak," one of the pieces in the volume of "Miles Standish."

Dr. Isaac I. Hayes, of Boston, communicates to the Boston Society of Natural History his intention to make another attempt to reach the North Pole, and asking for the influence of the Society in behalf of this subject. The letter was accompanied by the report of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia on the same letter. On motion of Professor Parsons, the subject was referred to a Committee to be nominated by the President and reported at the next meeting.

The Boston *Advertiser* states that but $7000 was paid to Hiram Powers for a duplicate of the Webster statue, the original of which was lost at sea. Out of the sum indicated, which is smaller than report has made it, Mr. Powers has to pay the bronze-founders who cast the statue.

A short time since an interesting widow left her home at Freemantown, N. J., between two days. Four days after, a well-known hat-manufacturer left the place very suddenly, leaving his wife behind. Neither he nor the widow have been heard of since. It is supposed that they are living together in Texas.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE REPORT OF THE OFFICERS OF THE "AUSTRIA."

THE London *Times* publishes the following:

"SIR,—We the undersigned, first, second, and third officers, and six of the crew belonging to the *Austria*, having arrived in England on board the *Ireland*, Captain Jackson, from Fayal, have read the different statements of passengers about the loss of our vessel, and beg to add our statement showing what has been done on our part: we leave it to every one to judge whether we have done our duty or not. The full protest having to be made up before the competent authorities at Hamburg, we here only give account of what we personally experienced.

"The second and third officers had the watch, and were on deck when the first cry of fire broke out at two o'clock on Monday afternoon, the 13th of September. The captain, who was in his cabin at the time, came instantly up the bridge and gave orders to attend to the pumps. The engine at the same time was put at half speed, and the signal was given to work the steam pump. There was a regularly organized fire-roll for our vessel, each man having his place marked out at the pumps, and being exercised to their use.

"At the command of the captain the men of the fire-roll ran below to the pumps and began working them, but immediately found that they drew no water, the pipes being precisely at the spot where the fire broke out, and the lead having therefore melted. The steam pump could also not work for the same reason. The men were, moreover, forced to leave the pumps as the fire and smoke surrounded them. In the course of fifteen minutes from the commencement of the fire the three decks were in a blaze. It was impossible to stop the engine, as one could not get to it on account of the fire.

THE BOATS IN GOOD ORDER.

"There was hardly any wind at the time, merely the draught caused by the motion of the vessel. The captain, seeing the impossibility of overpowering the fire, then ordered the men to lower the boats. There were on board eight boats, viz., three Francis's metallic life-boats, capable of containing sixty persons each; two wooden and one metallic life-boats, capable of containing each fifty persons; two smaller wooden jolly boats, capable of containing from thirty to forty persons each.

"The boats were in perfect order, ready, and so fastened that they might be lowered in the shortest possible time. There existed a regular boat-roll on the vessel, so that each man knew to which boat to attend to in case of need, under the command of an officer or sub-officer. The men were hindered in getting to the boats by the frantic passengers, who already had rushed to them. We tried to repel them by all means in our power, but in vain. The boats on the starboard soon caught fire, this side being most exposed to the flames. On the larboard four boats were lowered, but three of them were smashed before reaching the water by the people overcrowding them, and one boat alone got safely afloat.

HOW THE CAPTAIN PERISHED.

"After the captain had given the command to lower the boats, he was seen by us to jump down from the bridge, probably intending to keep the passengers in order. In running aft to the quarter-deck he had to travel through the fire, which now already separated the fore part from the aft part of the ship. The captain, breaking the flames, was much injured; he was seen later by the first officer standing on the quarter-deck, larboard side, apparently stunned by the injury he had received from the fire, and some passengers say they saw him jump overboard.

HOW THE OFFICERS BEHAVED.

"The single boat which reached the water without being smashed was one of the large metallic life-boats; it was at first, when lowered down, filled with people; but the weight was so great that many of them fell out when the boat reached the water. Thirty succeeded in keeping on, but the boat capsized several times, being full of water, and seven men were drowned thereby. There then remained in the boat the undersigned first officer and six of the crew, besides one steward, and fifteen passengers. It was three o'clock when our boat got free of the steamer, and we were left immediately behind, the vessel still going ahead, and we being unable to manage the boat, so that we soon were separated from the vessel. We tried hard to bale the water out of the boat, but did not succeed till we constructed a raft of the oars and masts belonging to the boat, and got the passengers upon it; then we got the boat clear of water, and took the passengers in again. About one hour after having left the steamer we got sight of the French bark *Maurice*, and pulling to her, we reached her at eight o'clock, where we found already the third officer and some of the passengers.

"The second officer was taken up by the *Maurice*, swimming, at half past eight o'clock. He had been pushed overboard the *Austria* at half past two o'clock by the rush of the passengers who jumped into his boat and smashed it. He kept afloat, swimming, for six hours without any thing to hold on.

"The third officer left the steamer at five o'clock. He remained on the deck of the *Austria* till he saw that no boat was left, and was driven by the fire overboard; but kept on to it by a rope alongside of the vessel till five o'clock, when he jumped off, the iron plates of the vessel getting red hot. He then took to swimming, and caught hold of some pieces of floating wood, by which he held himself afloat till half past six o'clock, when he was taken up by the French boat, much injured by the flames."

PRIORESS BEATEN AT NEWMARKET.

The race for the Czarowitch Handicap at Newmarket, for which the American horse Prioress was first favorite, was won by Rocket by a head only, Prioress and the Brewer running a dead heat for the second place. Thirty-five horses ran.

MORPHY'S CHALLENGE TO STAUNTON.

The following letter will be read with interest:

"CAFE DE LA REGENCE, PARIS, *October*, 1858.

"HOWARD STAUNTON, ESQ.,—On my arrival in England, three months since, I renewed the challenge to you personally which the New Orleans Chess Club had given some months previously. You immediately accepted, but demanded a month's delay, in order to prepare yourself for the contest. Subsequently you proposed that the time should be postponed until after the Birmingham meeting, to which I assented. On the approach of the period you had fixed I addressed you a communication requesting that the necessary preliminaries might be immediately settled; but you left London without replying to it. I went to Birmingham for the express purpose of asking you to put a stop to further delay by fixing a date for the opening of our match; but before the opportunity presented itself you came to me, and, in the presence of Lord Lyttleton, Mr. Avery, and other gentlemen, you stated that your time was much occupied in editing a new edition of Shakspeare, and that you were under heavy bonds to your publishers accordingly. But you reiterated your intention to play me, and said that if I would consent to a further postponement until the first week in November, you would, in a few days, communicate with me and fix the exact date. I have not heard further from you, either privately by letter or through the columns of the *Illustrated London News*.

"A statement appeared in the chess department of that journal, a few weeks since, that 'Mr. Morphy had come to Europe unprovided with backers or seconds;' the inference being obvious that my want of funds was the reason of our match not taking place. As you are the editor of that department of the *Illustrated London News*, I felt hurt that a gentleman who had always received me at his club and elsewhere with great kindness and courtesy should allow so prejudicial a statement to be made in reference to me—one, too, which is not strictly in accordance with fact.

"Permit me to repeat what I have invariably declared in every chess community I have had the honor of entering, that I am not a professional player; that I never wished to make any skill I possess the means of pecuniary advancement; and that my earnest desire is never to play for any stake but honor. My friends in New Orleans, however, subscribed a certain sum, without any countenance from me, and that sum has been ready for you to meet a considerable time past. Since my arrival in Paris I have been assured by numerous gentlemen that the value of those stakes can be immediately increased to any amount; but for myself, personally, reputation is the only incentive I recognize.

"The matter of seconds can not, certainly, offer any difficulty. I had the pleasure of being first received in London by the St. George's Chess Club, of which you are so distinguished a member; and of those gentlemen I request the honor of appointing my seconds, to whom I give full authority in settling all preliminaries.

"In conclusion, I beg leave to state that I have addressed a copy of this letter to several editors, being most desirous that our true position should no longer be misunderstood by the community at large. Again requesting you to fix the date for commencing our match, I have the honor to remain, Sir, your very humble servant,

PAUL MORPHY."

COURT GOSSIP.

The London correspondent of the *Times* has the following: "Count and Countess Persigny have been for some days the guests of the Queen, at Balmoral. It hardly needed this to prove how much the Ex-Embassador is liked in the governing circles here. His successor is expected to return to his post next week, immediately after his marriage; but his inefficiency is only equaled by his unpopularity; and it is thought that on the first opportunity he will give place to M. Persigny. What qualities Mlle. Paniega may have for discharging the duties of fascination and condescension as wife of the French Embassador remains to be seen; curiosity being chiefly excited among English women of fashion about her *trousseau*, which is said to be superlatively tasteful and splendid. But nobody had a higher character for dressing well than Madame Walewski, and nobody adheres more devotedly to a bad *toilette* than Madame Persigny. I remember the first time I met her was at a reception at the house of one of the late Ministers, where the grand-daughter of Marshal Ney appeared in a very elaborate but frightfully ill-made and unbecoming costume, and where the sole impression she made with her odd and abstracted look was that of suggesting an unfavorable comparison with the pretty and coquettish descendant of the celebrated Prince Poniatowski. The witchery of dress is one to which English women are in general painfully conscious that they possess no claim. Most of our fine ladies make an autumnal pilgrimage to Paris in search of attractions for the wearing season. When Lady M——, the aspiring widow of a distinguished baronet, returned the other day, with the baggage of beautificatidees, the first person she encountered was the dowager Marchioness of A——, with whom she had long sought to vie in flirtation and extravagance. "I have almost ruined myself. Of course I went to Camille; she has made me a *Mauve* velvet, with such Mechlin lace!—fifteen hundred francs! and a *groséille-des Alps* that cost eleven hundred; and a *basque*—such a love—but such a price!' 'Don't waste time telling me, my dear friend, for I really don't understand *cheap* dresses!' Under his old signature of S. G. O., Mr. Sydney Godolphin Osborne continues to rail in the columns of the *Times* against the increasing prodigality and extravagance in female dress; but no remonstrance is of any avail, and the striking example afforded by her Majesty Queen Victoria on all occasions in the opposite direction, simply affords a subject of never-ending ridicule."

FRANCE.

MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF MALAKOFF.

The marriage of the Duke de Malakoff with Mademoiselle Paniega was solemnized in the Imperial chapel of St. Cloud on the evening of the 12th ult., in the presence of the Emperor and Empress and a numerous and brilliant assemblage. Marshal Vaillant, Minister of War, and M. Walewski, Minister of Foreign Affairs, gave away the bridegroom, and M. Fould, Minister of State, and a Spaniard, the Marquis de Casa Rierra, did the same office for the bride. The Duke is said to be in his sixty-seventh year, and his bride in her thirty-third. They had arrived in England.

ECCENTRICITIES OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "The nuptial benediction was given by the Bishop of Nancy, first chaplain of the Emperor. After the religious ceremony all the distinguished company present assembled in the *salons* of the palace to offer their congratulations to the 'happy couple.' The Emperor saluted the bride on both cheeks, and it was observed that the bride bore all her blushing honors with great self-command. The Duke was, as usual, full of smirks and sudden hitches of his person, apparently taking the whole affair as an excellent practical joke. The manners of the great Crimean hero, it may be said in passing, seem to have left a peculiar impression in England. The Queen, it is said, can with difficulty keep her countenance in his presence, especially if the gallant Marshal be dancing, which feat he executes much after the fashion of a *cabant et asnières*. He has a singular fashion of seizing hold of ladies' bouquets and suddenly dropping them after submitting them to his olfactory nerves, exclaiming, '*Ah—ah—c'a sent bon.*' It has been stated, too, that the Marshal is in no hurry to part with the Emperor's pranks in the way of opening the doors at Albert gate, after the manner of his predecessors. Perhaps the new relation he has contracted with the Empress's friend, Mademoiselle Sophia de Paniega, may change all that. The Duke and Duchess have already quitted for England. It has been suggested by the Duchess of Somerset and the Duchess of Manchester, whose rich furniture has been made to suffer by the Duke's habit of expectoration of an evening, that a spittoon of Worcester china would be an appropriate nuptial present to him on his arrival. Among the foreigners of distinction who affixed their signatures to the marriage contract were the Countess de Montijo, the Duke de Rianzares (husband of Queen Christina), Prince and Princess Zartoriski, Marshal Narvaez, M. Bravo Murillo, the Hon. Richard and Mrs. Carleton, etc."

MORPHY'S TRIUMPHS IN PARIS.

The match between Morphy and Harrwitz has been resigned by the latter, on the plea of ill health, the score standing at close: Morphy, 5; Harrwitz, 2; drawn, 1. With characteristic generosity Mr. Morphy accepted the resignation, but declined the stakes, 250 francs. At the last dates Herr Anderrsen, the celebrated Prussian player, was on his way to Paris, to play the young American. The eminent German master, Heyderbrant, is also in Paris by this time, and will have a joust with Morphy.

MORPHY TO PLAY WITH THE EMPEROR.

The *Herald* says: "Recent advices from Paris state that the Emperor Napoleon has requested Morphy to give a specimen of his blindfold playing at the Tuileries, before the ladies of the Imperial Court, and has also consented to be beaten at chess by the young American at the odds of a rook. There is now reason to believe that before leaving Paris Morphy will have a chance to contend with Herr Von der Lasa, the great chess analyst and player, who has recently left Rio Janeiro, where he has acted as Embassador from one of the German courts for some years past. The meeting of these two chess masters will excite great interest among the lovers of this beautiful game."

THE EMPRESS GOING TO SEE THE POPE.

The Paris correspondent of the *Advertiser* states that the Empress Eugénie has a strong desire to visit Rome, to obtain the personal benediction of the Pope, and that the Emperor will accompany her Majesty

AN IMPERIAL GIFT.

The Emperor has made a present to the Empress's mother, Madame de Montijo, of the splendid mansion in the Champs Elysées, bought of the Marquis de Lauriston. The value of this property, greatly augmented by improvements, is now not less than four millions of francs.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS AT A BALL.

A letter from Rheims, describing a late ball at the Hôtel de Ville there, says: "The Emperor danced with Mademoiselle Werlé, and the Empress with M. Werlé, the Mayor of the city. The young lady who was the Emperor's partner seemed much overcome and scarcely able to speak, but his Majesty's kind manner soon put her at ease, and toward the end of the quadrille she was talking away as gayly as possible. As for her Majesty, she was, as usual, most gracious. She had a most lovely toilet, and wore a diadem of diamonds and a necklace of large pearls. Her dress was of white tulle, the jupe being covered with a sort of embroidery that was perfectly beautiful.

A TEN-THOUSAND-DOLLAR DRESS.

The Empress has just purchased of Mademoiselle Vergennes, the grand-daughter of the Marquis de Vergennes, lady-in-waiting to Madame Victore, aunt of Louis Seize, the dress in point d'Alençon given by the city of Rouen to that illustrious lady on a visit there with Louis Quinze. The Empress has paid the sum of fifty thousand francs for the dress.

THE LAST MIRACLE.

It is recounted that a deaf and dumb lad of sixteen, a native of St. Briac, near Dinan, in Brittany, has seen the Virgin, who appeared to him blazing in beauty and surrounded by stars. The celestial visitor opened the conversation by asking his age, to which inquiry he replied, "I don't know." She then told him, and proceeded to recount the whole history of his life, and a variety of other circumstances within his knowledge; she concluded by saying, "Hereafter you shall speak like any other person; meet me again to-morrow night, and I will tell you some wonderful things." The boy came, faithful to the tryst, and the Virgin then pointed out to him three mysterious letters in the tail of the comet, and explained that they symbolize prophecies of events to come. He is not, however, at liberty to make known the things that were told him until the expiration of a year from the date of the vision. The boy now speaks and hears perfectly well. Such is the story which, according to the *Union Malouine et Dinnanaise*, the natives of the village of St. Briac are ready to prove upon the hide of any skeptic.

AMERICAN SCHOOL-GIRLS WATCHED BY SPIES.

The *Post* publishes the following extract from a recent letter of a young American girl in Paris: "I want to tell you a queer accident that befell me the other day. As my friend —— and I were walking away from the Garden of the Tuileries, about six o'clock, and talking about Napoleon I., I saw a soldier near us, who happened to overhear the word Napoleon; whereupon he pricked up his ears, picked up his gun, and followed us from there all the way across the bridge, where we, being a little frightened, took a carriage for home. He watched us for a time, and seeing there was nothing wrong, went back. I suppose he took us for conspirators. You know this Napoleon has spies at every corner, and if they hear the name Napoleon, they immediately suspect something is wrong, and try to find you out. He is a horrid man, as you know, and the greatest coward living. All these beautiful things that he is doing to keep his people amused show as much as any thing that he is afraid."

A GENERAL'S GHOST WALKING THE EARTH.

The *Gazette de Cologne* publishes the following strange story, which was communicated by its correspondent from Coblentz, and which, it appears, is at present the subject of general conversation in that city: "It is very well known that underneath the Fort Empereur François, near the Cologne road, the monument of the French Republican, General Marceau, who fell at Altenkirchen, had been erected; the body of the General having been buried at Coblentz, on Mount St. Pierre, where may now be found the principal part of the above-mentioned fort. The monument of the General, which was a truncated pyramid, had been removed when the building of the fortifications of Coblentz was commenced. It was, however, subsequently reconstructed at the place where it now remains by the express order of the late King Frederick William III. M. de Stramberg, who in his *Rheinischer Antiquarius* gives a very detailed biography of Marceau, in making mention of this monument states that several persons had alleged that they had seen the General on different occasions at night long after his death, mounted upon a white horse, and enveloped in a cloak of the same color (the French Chasseurs), riding toward Mount St. Pierre. It is stated that a soldier who was on duty at this Mount at midnight has just seen this white spectre, mounted upon a gray horse. Not receiving any answer to his demand, the soldier fired three times at the object. A patrol having come to the spot in consequence of those shots, found the sentinel extended upon the ground in a state of unconsciousness, and in a frightful paroxysm of fever. He was transported to the hospital, where he became dangerously ill, and throughout his delirium he could speak of nothing but the aforesaid apparition."

RUSSIA.

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE SERFS.

The committee of nobles in the Government of Wilna has taken the following resolutions in regard to the emancipation of the serfs: 1. The arrangements relative to the amount to be paid annually by each serf after his emancipation is to be completed within twelve years. 2. The amount is to be fixed "once for all;" that is, that no periodical charges are to be made. 3. The peasant's house, outhouse, and garden are not to be separated from the estate of the landed proprietor, and, consequently, they are to remain his property. 4. None of the arrears of the peasants previous to the day of the publication of the Imperial ukase are to be paid. 5. The peasants may either farm the land from the proprietors or purchase it. 6. The establishment of a bank, into which each serf shall pay three silver rubles per annum during "the twelve years of transition," and out of which he shall subsequently receive, as a loan, a certain sum with which to begin business.

PRUSSIA.

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE REGENCY.

The Prussian *Staatsanzeiger* publishes the following decree establishing the regency:

"*To His Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia:*

"In replacing me in the direction of the affairs of the government during the year which has elapsed since the commencement of my illness, your Royal Highness has given me a great consolation, for which I return you my sincere thanks. Now that I am, by God's will, still prevented from the state of my health from devoting myself to the cares of government, and now that the physicians have advised me to make a journey during the winter in a southern climate, I invite you, in consideration of the continued hinderance of governing myself, to exercise the royal power in my name as Regent, according to the inspirations of your conscience, and being responsible only to God, until the moment I shall be again able myself to fulfill the duties of my royal functions, and beg of you to take the necessary measures to that effect. I reserve to myself to make ulterior arrangements respecting those affairs of my royal house which concern my person.

(Signed) "FREDERICK WILLIAM.

(Countersigned). "VON MANTEUFFEL, VON DER HEYDT, VON BODELSCHWINGH, VON FLOTTWELL, VON MANTEUFFEL 2."

The Prince Regent had issued a decree in which he assumes the responsibility conferred upon him, and convokes the Diet for the 20th of October.

THE POOR OLD KING OF PRUSSIA.

A letter from Berlin, of the 12th ult., says: "The King has left. I am still under the emotion experienced on witnessing the departure. I can only write a few lines. Their Majesties the King and Queen having left Potsdam at fifty-eight minutes after twelve, reached the station here at half past one. An immense crowd had assembled and greeted the King with enthusiastic shouts of 'Long live the King; may you speedily return in good health!' 'God bless the King!' The King, much moved, placed his hand on his heart and bowed repeatedly. 'I thank you, my children,' he said. After taking leave of Field-Marshal Wrangel and the Prefect of Police the train started. All along the line crowds greeted the royal party with shouts of 'Long live the King!' At the Anhault station the Ministers Manteuffel and Von der Heydt entered the royal carriage to take leave of their Majesties. The same shouts and marks of sympathy were evinced here by the assembled multitude; but when the King covered his face with his hands, and with tears rolling down his cheeks, exclaimed, addressing the Prince of Prussia, 'Do you hear those shouts, William? *Auf baldiges Wiedersehen!* Good-by! *Au revoir!*' there was not a dry eye at the station. It is impossible to describe the emotion of the Prince of Prussia. The Queen sobbed aloud, and every man present wept. The train left at 1 45."

ITALY.

ABDUCTION OF A JEWISH CHILD.

The Jewish *Messenger*, published in this city, contains the following account of the abduction of a Jewish child at Bologna:

"Marnato Mortara, an Israelite of Jeggis, lives at Bologna, with his family, and there carries on an honorable business. On the evening of June 23, his house was invaded by the police, who, accompanied by a stranger, intimated to him as well as his wife, the order given by the inquisitor to possess themselves of one of his boys, an interesting lad six years of age, named Edgar, under pretense that baptism had been administered to him, without indicating any circumstance either of time or place.

"The miserable parents, struck as by lightning at the idea of seeing their darling boy carried off, excited the compassion of the agents of the police, who consented to delay the execution of the mandate in order to gain time to report to the authorities, guarding, in the mean time, the house of the child. The friends of the family could only see the inquisitor, who said he could not answer the order given, nor explain how or by whom baptism had been administered. The time spent in useless attempts only led to the mother, overwhelmed with sorrow, tearing herself from six young children, and dragging herself to Modena, where her parents reside, and where she was taken so seriously ill from grief, that well-founded fears are entertained for her life.

"On the following evening at ten o'clock, the terrified child, snatched up in the arms of the police, was torn from the bosom of the father and thrown into a conveyance, which, surrounded by an armed force, drove off among a large crowd which had assembled, and which cursed such a monstrous deed, and such a reprehensible abuse of power.

"Poor Mortara, who could not, in consequence of special conditions imposed upon the Pope's Jewish subjects, loudly proclaim a parent's right, writhed like a worm, imploring again and again the local inquisitor to restore him his child! The only reply he received was, 'All depends upon Rome.' Thus far the narrative."

CHINA.

WHAT IT WILL DO TO SEND THERE.

An Englishman, writing home on the subject of the Chinese trade, expresses himself as follows: "The description of goods which will enter into consumption most extensively among the people of these parts at present are heavy cottons. Chinese plain white and yellow nankeens are much used by these people. Of this description, the Americans are at present almost the monopolists. This may seem a hard and unpalatable fact, but it is none the less true. The American gray drills command buyers before the lighter English cottons. Whether it is that they can make them for less than ourselves, I do not know. However, this shows the real necessity there is for our manufacturers to put on steam, and do their utmost in producing, at the lowest possible cost, a material heavy, close, and well made. There are consumers of an almost unlimited quantity of such goods—not only in China, but far north. They need not be twilled cloths. At present our T cloths, a narrower and closer cloth than shirtings, come the nearest to what is wanted. These will be taken off in large quantities at Nin Chwang. They use clothing of this kind when they go up with padding. The cotton wadding could, I presume, be obtained cheaper here; and cloths only in the piece are those which England could supply to advantage—an assortment, heavy cloth predominating. A few white shirtings of even texture, for use as white, and to wash, consequently not made up with starch; handkerchiefs, and some cheap furniture prints; a few camlets and woolens would be a desirable trial. Fancy cottons, a few on trial. Coal abounds, and vegetables and fruit are said to be very fine. For this port, Shanghai must be the dépôt, as it would be unwise to send a cargo direct until the position of the market upon the latest advices had been ascertained.

JAPAN.

THE UNITED STATES CONSUL AT HAKODADI.

The United States frigate *Mississippi* has been to Japan. An officer writes as follows to the *Herald:*

"As the ship neared the town we discovered the American flag flying on shore, which proved to be on the premises of Mr. Rice, our Consul, who is a genuine Down-East Yankee, hailing from Maine. His very aspect and size are sufficient to impress these half savages. He stands six feet and weighs over two hundred and twenty-five pounds, with handsome long black whiskers, and a keen, sharp eye. He possesses all the qualifications to enable him to discharge the duties of his office to the satisfaction of his government. On several occasions the Governor of the place attempted to interfere with him, but has always got the worst of it. The Governor is reported to be a very arrogant and despotic man; and, as you will see, endeavored, during our stay, to make the forepart of our visit any thing but agreeable. Shortly after our arrival our gentlemanly Captain (Nicholson) sent him his respects, and requested him to appoint a day to receive his visit. The Governor feigned sickness, and would not fix on a day. After some consideration, he however yielded, and politely received our Captain, and during our sojourn showed all the attention due his rank. He also endeavored to throw obstacles in the Consul's way in regard to his supplying the ship with provisions, etc., but our six-footer Down-Easter soon brought him to terms. Since then his Excellency has been quiet.

QUEER HABITS OF THE JAPANESE.

"The morals of the people are in rather a low state, if one can be allowed to judge from the manner in which they enjoy the luxury of bathing. They have numerous bathing-houses, in which males and females, young and old, all bathe together in a perfect state of nudity, while crowds of spectators stand around to witness the sport. Modesty seems to be an accomplishment that the ladies of Japan have not yet learned. Ladies of rank and women of the lowest character, married and single, gentlemen and loafers, bathe together, apparently as unconcerned at the moral effect of the scene as if they were enjoying the sports of a picnic party. Houses of a certain character appear to be a Government monopoly, for those disposed to visit them have to procure a ticket, backed by a Custom-house official."

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK was last week the scene of one of the most appalling tragedies on record. A young man of twenty years of age, a member of a most respectable and affluent family, in a fit of rage, massacred his father, mother, brothers, and servants, without cause or provocation, and ended by killing himself.

The murderer's name was Frank Gouldy. He lived at No. 217 West Thirtieth Street. He is reported to have been a wild young man, who had been a sailor, and got tired of the sea; who had been a clerk in a dry-goods store and got tired of that; and who, at the time of the murder, was living in idleness at his father's house. The immediate cause of the catastrophe is thus narrated by the reporter of the *Herald:*

THE CAUSE OF THE MURDER.

About three months ago the father deposited the sum of $50 in one of the savings banks to the credit of his son, with an understanding that it was not to be touched until the son should go into business. Being short of funds, young Gouldy extracted the bank-book from his father's desk one night, and the following day drew the sum of $10, with which he went on a frolic. The breach of trust was discovered by the father on Tuesday, and when his son came home about ten o'clock that night he spoke to him about it. The youth endeavored to excuse himself by saying that the money belonged to him. His father reprimanded him for his conduct, but the only reply he got was a low, chuckling laugh, full of meaning and fiendish wickedness, as the sequel too truly proved. The family had all retired for the night when young Gouldy came home. Mr. Gouldy, Sen., was waiting up for his son, and when the latter rang the door-bell he was sitting in the front bedroom, on the second floor, Mrs. Gouldy being in bed in the back room adjoining. After "Frank," as he was generally called, had left his father with the intention of going up stairs to bed, the former informed his wife of the result of the conversation, and remarked that there was something wrong about the laugh that Frank gave vent to when he took his departure. Mr. Gouldy continued to sit up in the front room, while his wife returned to the rear bedroom and went to bed.

MURDER OF THE FATHER AND MOTHER.

A few minutes afterward Mrs. Gouldy heard a scuffle and a fall in the front room. "Is it possible," she thought, "that Frank has struck his father?" At that moment Frank came into her room, partially raised the netting from around the bed, and dealt her a heavy blow on the head with a hatchet. She screamed and sprang up, and he repeated the blow twice, when she fell heavily to the floor, breaking down the netting as she fell.

MURDER OF THE BROTHERS.

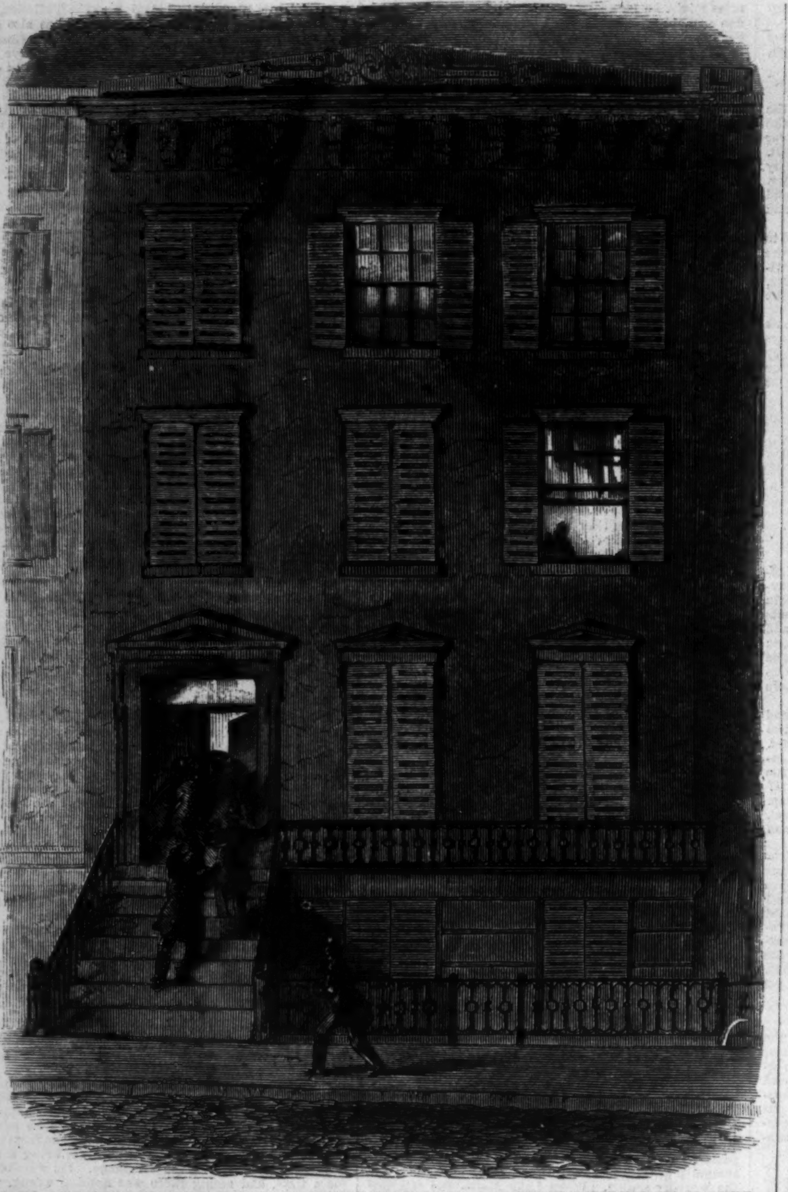
The murderer then passed through the hall bedroom where his two brothers slept. They had both risen, hearing the noise, and were kneeling beside their father; Nathaniel, nine years old, was kissing him. The murderer struck each a murderous blow on the head with the same hatchet he had used upon his father and mother. He left them both prostrate and covered with blood, and passed on to the landing.

ATTACK ON THE SERVANT GIRLS.

Elizabeth Carr, in her evidence, gives the following account of the next scene in this bloody drama:

She heard screams of "Murder, murder!" which proceeded from Mr. and Mrs. Gouldy's room. She and Joanna hurried on their dresses as quickly as possible, and Joanna went down stairs before her. On getting to the second floor she saw Frank with a hatchet in his hand, striking his mother and Joanna, both of whom fell.

Elizabeth wrested the hatchet from the murderer, and ran up into her room in the third story, but could not fasten the door for want of a bolt or lock. He followed her and said, "Give me the hatchet, Lizzie; I do not wish to kill you, I only wish to escape." He then wrenched it from her, and gave her three blows with it on the head, when he left her for dead, as she supposes. About a minute or so afterward she heard the report of a pistol, and thinking it was fired at her she ran down stairs and out of the front door, and crossed the street, when she met a gentleman and lady, to whom she said, "Help! help! Oh, my God! Frank is murdering the whole family. Rouse the neighbors!"



THE NEIGHBORS BREAKING INTO THE HOUSE NO. 217 WEST THIRTIETH STREET.

ESCAPE OF THE SISTERS.

Most providentially the murderer's sisters escaped. Miss Mary Eliza Gouldy explains her escape in her evidence as follows: "I heard a noise, and opened my bedroom door and looked out; I heard screams and cries of murder; I opened the door and saw my brother Frank in the hall, striking the girl Joanna Murphy: then I went into my room and locked the door; I was very much frightened; I could not say whether he had any thing in his hand or not: there was some light in the room; I soon afterward heard other cries of distress, but I was unable to recognize the voice; I heard cries of murder, and then I raised my window and called aloud for assistance: soon after that assistance came, and I came out of my room; I went down stairs and found the rooms crowded; I don't know whether the assistance came from my cries or not; I was very much frightened; I could not say whether I heard the report of a pistol or not; my room is on the same floor with deceased's bedroom; I think I heard the report, but I am not sure; I thought, at first, that there were thieves in the house, and that my brother was injured while trying to protect the family."

THE SCENE WHEN THE NEIGHBORS APPEARED.

The neighbors and some policemen were roused by the cries of murder, and hastened to the house. With some difficulty they made their way in by bursting the door. One of them, Mr. William J. Brown, was one of the first to enter. He gives the following account of the fearful scene which met his eye:

He met Mrs. Gouldy at the foot of the hall stairs staggering and hallooing for help. She threw herself forward, and was caught by Mr. Brown. She was all covered with clotted gore, and said, in a very subdued voice, "We are all murdered." Mr. Brown assisted Mrs. Gouldy up stairs to the second story. The first sight that met their eyes on going into the front chamber was Mr. Gouldy, who was lying in the door-way, with his feet on the threshold and his head inward. Mr. Brown put his hand on his pulse and breast, but felt no signs of life. The two servant girls and Mrs. Gouldy were in the room, the two former in their night clothing, and supported in chairs. They were bleeding and completely covered with gore. Mr. Brown directed the two officers who came to the scene to close the door, so that if the murderer was in the house he should not escape. One officer remained at the door, and the other aided in rendering assistance to those persons who were injured. Mr. Brown suggested that Mr. Gouldy should be raised up, but others said, "No, he is dead; let him lie as he is until the Coroner comes." They, however, did raise him up, and in doing so he gasped for breath. Mr. Brown remarked, "There is life in him; let us do what we can for him." They then laid him on the sofa, and Mr. Brown's son went for Dr. Campbell, who lives in the same block, and who came immediately. A little brandy was administered to Mr. Gouldy, and he rallied a little, but relapsed again. Several other physicians came afterward, and all considered his case hopeless. He has one wound on the side of the skull, and another at the back of the head more than an inch deep, and through which the brain protruded.

SUICIDE OF THE MURDERER.

After the indiscriminate slaughter of the entire household, as already described, Frank pulled off his boots and coat, and proceeded to his own bedroom, and there completed the work by blowing his brains out. The *Herald* Reporter thus describes the scene when the police and neighbors entered the murderer's room:

Stretched upon the floor, near the door, lay the corpse of the unfortunate young man, his feet extending toward the door and his head toward the fire-place. His left side lay against a wardrobe which stood by a glass partition which separates the front and back room. The deceased lay with his head bathed in blood, a portion of the brain scattered around his body. He was dressed in black pants, white shirt, and had on a loose gown. The bed, which stood in the northwest corner, had the appearance of having been lain upon. In his hand was firmly clenched a three-barreled pistol, with which he had concluded the last act in the tragedy by blowing his brains out. He was still breathing when the police arrived, but in a few seconds afterward he uttered a deep groan, and then all was still as death.

He was shot through the right parietal bone, the ball entering a little above and behind the ear, and lodging in the substance of the brain. The aperture in the skull caused by the entrance of the ball was nearly two inches in diameter. From this cavity the brain oozed in large quantities and mingled with the blood upon the floor. The deceased lay on his back with his feet toward the door, and, covered with gore as he was, the spectacle presented was a most horrible one indeed.

CONDITION OF THE UNHAPPY FAMILY.

The *Herald* reporter thus describes the condition of the family on the day following the murder:

Mr. Gouldy during the day was lying upon the sofa, and attended by several of his friends and the physicians. He was conscious at times, but is not aware how he was injured, or the unfortunate fate of his son. About four o'clock in the morning it was feared by his friends that he was dying. It was thought best to allow his wife to see him; and on doing so he immediately recognized her, and asked her the cause of his injuries. He spoke of dying, and commended her to God, the scene being most affecting and bringing tears in the eyes of every one present. During the day he recognized the Rev. Mr. Crawford, and several others who were present; but during the afternoon he appeared at times out of his mind, and talked to himself considerable.

In the rear or back room lay Mrs. Gouldy on a bed in one corner; in another corner were several articles of linen, covered with blood from the unfortunate wounded. The wall and bedstead were besmeared with blood, and yet nearly all had been cleaned off early in the morning. Mrs. Gouldy was comparatively easy most of the day, and bears with great fortitude her unfortunate and critical situation. She is fully aware of the dangerous condition of her husband and youngest son, Nathaniel, and expects every moment to hear of their death.

THE SPECTACLE WHEN THE NEIGHBORS REACHED THE SCENE OF THE MURDER.

Nathaniel and Charles, the two boys, are comfortably provided for in the little front bedroom. Nathaniel is said to have completely astonished the physicians when they were compelled to remove a portion of his skull, he never shrinking in the least while they were performing the operation of sawing off a portion of it—that which was broken. He spoke to his mother several times during the morning, and once remarked to her, "Cheer up, mother! we will all get well." Another time, when his mother appeared somewhat excited, he said, "I feel well, dear mother; if father was with us, and felt as well as I do, I should be so happy." The poor little fellow, it is thought, will never recover.

The two small children and Mary were the only ones unharmed. As the affrighted neighbors passed through the room in which the crib was, the little girl, two years old, sprang up and said, pleasantly, "I am not hurt!"

STILL LIVING.

The *Herald* of the 30th ult. says:

The injured members of the Gouldy family, together with the two servant girls, are about the same. Mr. Gouldy, it is thought, has improved a little, but not to such an extent as to leave any hope for his recovery. During yesterday morning he talked considerably, and made a request that he might be changed again, as the bed did not seem comfortable. He appeared to be aware of his dangerous condition, and expressed himself ready to die. On one occasion he desired the Rev. Mr. Lonkin to pray with him; two or three times he asked for Frank, and wanted to know if Frank had injured him. He seemed to have a faint idea that Frank was connected with the affair, but whenever he spoke of him his attention was called to other matters. During the morning he had more natural color in his face. He is attended by his brother-in-law, Captain Edwards, and the Rev. Mr. Crawford.

Mrs. Gouldy remains about the same. The two boys have somewhat improved, but Joanna Murphy, the girl, continues in a very low state, and will not survive long.

THE MURDERER'S ATTACK ON HIS MOTHER.

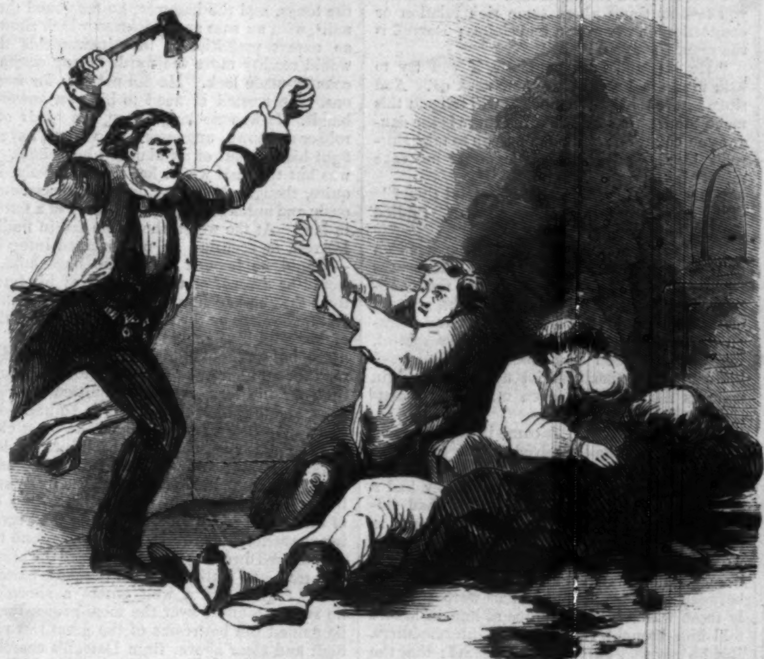
CHARACTER OF THE MURDERER.

We read in the *Times:* The Rev. Mr. Crawford, who was well acquainted with young Gouldy, corroborates the statements that have been made respecting his peculiar habits and disposition. He was a coward, and from a boy was afraid of boys half his age and size. He never looked any one straight in the face, but always dropped his eyes while speaking or being spoken to. He was revengeful, obstinate, and morose. In intellectual qualities he was below mediocrity. The secretiveness of his disposition was eminently noticeable to all his friends. He was slow and heavy in his movements, and as a boy took very little part in the sports of his companions. The motive or impulse that urged him to the commission of the deed will probably ever remain a mystery.

The *Herald* says: Frank is said to have been constitutionally vicious, and under the influence of the lower propensities. His head, a witness states, was malformed, and somewhat resembled the idiotic type of cronial developement. Moral and religious impressions were particularly evanescent. Hence it had been the constant annoyance of the father how to restrain his conduct.

A gentleman, a warm friend of Mr. Gouldy, says that, though Frank was in no way possessed of much shrewdness, yet he had a strong desire to do for himself, and had longed for the time when he could start business for himself. In conversation with an old gardener of Mr. Gouldy's, about three weeks ago, young Gouldy said that he was anxious to get a situation so that he could be independent, and remarked that he thought his father might set him up in business, as he was careful of his money, and had a certain sum laid up in the Savings Bank. The above gentleman says that he never knew Frank to tell a lie; that he had often heard his father ask him questions regarding his conduct, and he always told the truth, whether it pleased or displeased his father.

One who knew him at school says: Perhaps the chief characteristic of his entire course at the Charlotteville school was an absolute moral imbecility. He would be read out in chapel in the morning, before the whole school, for some misdemeanor, and never seem to know or comprehend the fact. He bore a disreputable name, but it was not so much from possessing positive bad passions, or from marked viciousness, as from a want of moral character, moral feeling, and moral understanding. It would seem from his character, as developed at school, that he must have been laboring under a temporary fit of insanity when he enacted the late horrible tragedy that he did, not realizing the heinousness of his crime—its awful consequences upon himself and the unfortunate victims of it. There was, indeed, an expression about his face which was marked and peculiar. It would commonly have been called a foolish, verdant, silly look; it may have, however, been an indication of such a mental development, or want of development, as should have subjected him to such care and government as are not applied to ordinary children. He never had his lessons at school, was always a great trial to his teachers, and especially to the principal; his career there, as elsewhere, was inglorious. Occasionally he would manifest some diligence in the practice of penmanship, for he said his father wanted him to become a good penman, so that he might be a clerk.



THE MURDER OF THE LITTLE BOYS.

HIS BURIAL.

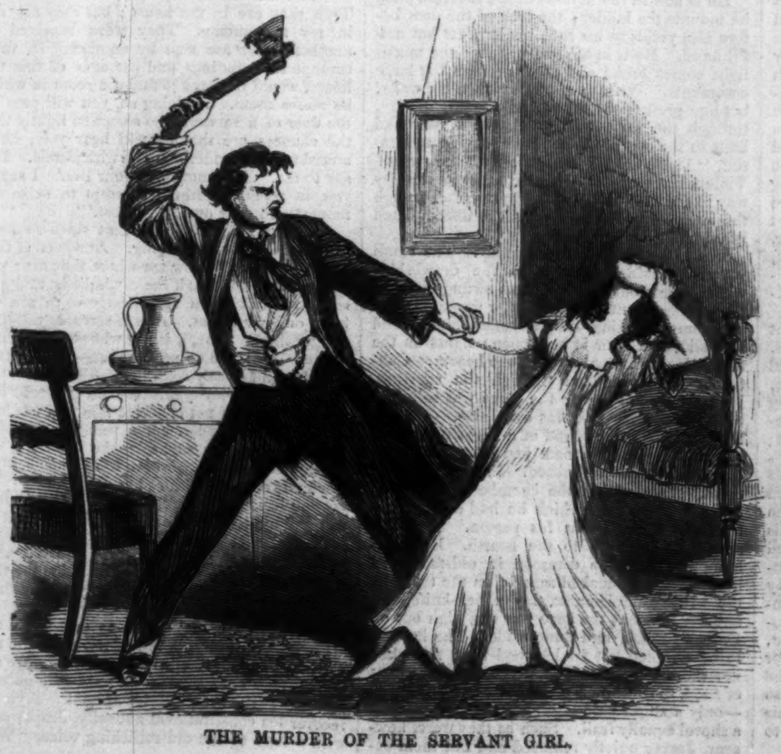
On Wednesday evening Mrs. Gouldy remarked to one of the attendants that she was in great dread of the dead body of Frank, and begged them to remove the body away from the house during the evening. Her wish was granted, and shortly after six o'clock an uncle of young Gouldy called on Mr. Merritt, undertaker, No. 149 Eighth Avenue, who, in company with two other gentlemen, proceeded with a hearse to the residence, where the body was very quietly taken down stairs, placed inside the hearse, and taken to the above number. It was the intention of his uncle to have the body placed in a vault for the night, but there being none in that vicinity, they concluded to let the corpse remain in the back room of No. 149 Eighth Avenue.

The body was placed in a plain mahogany coffin, with a Britannia plate, bearing the following inscription:

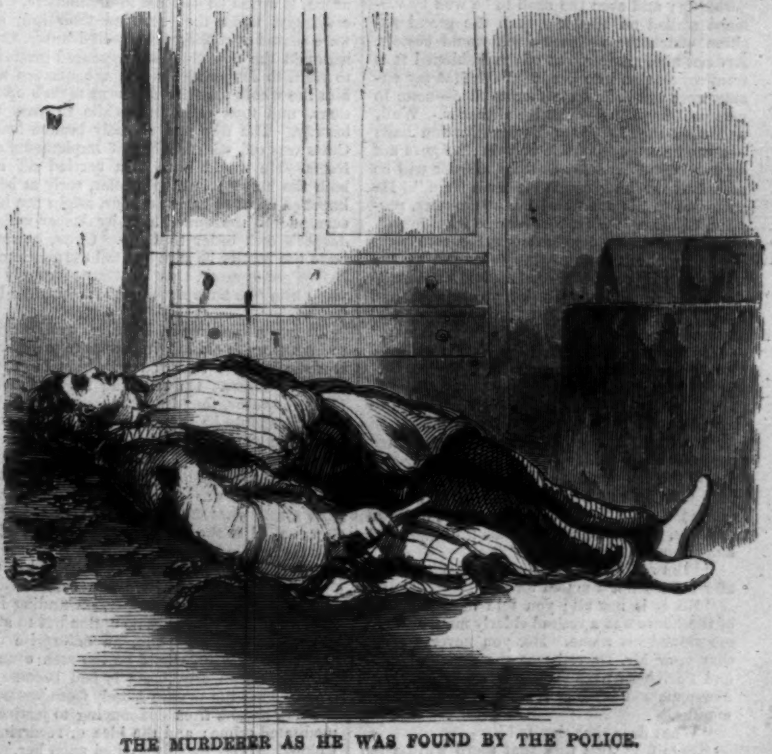
FRANCIS A. GOULDY,
DIED OCTOBER 26, 1858.
Aged 19 years.

The next morning, at nine o'clock, the body was taken to Greenwood Cemetery. The hearse was followed by a carriage containing an uncle of the deceased, a brother of Mr. Gouldy's first wife, Mr. Joseph Lonking, an acquaintance, and Mr. Haight, sexton of the Thirty-fourth Street Methodist Church. He was buried in his father's lot. No funeral ceremony took place, and scarcely a person was aware that the body had been removed from his father's house.

Mrs. Gouldy seems much relieved at the removal of the body. It was hoped that young Gouldy's burial would cause the crowd which surrounded the house to disperse, but a large number still assemble daily and gaze at the windows.



THE MURDER OF THE SERVANT GIRL.



THE MURDERER AS HE WAS FOUND BY THE POLICE.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

BOOK X.—CHAPTER I.—(*Continued.*)

The bravo waited—his horse grazed—the moon came forth, stealing through the trees, bringing into fantastic light the melancholy old dwelling-house—the yet more melancholy new pile. Jasper was not, as we have seen, without certain superstitious fancies, and they had grown on him more of late as his brain had become chronically heated and his nerves relaxed by pain. He began to feel the awe of the silence and the moonlight; and some vague remembrances of earlier guiltless days—of a father's genial love—of joyous sensations in the priceless possession of youth and vigor—of the admiring smiles and cordial hands which his beauty, his daring, and high spirits had attracted toward him—of the all that he had been, mixed with the consciousness of what he was, and an uneasy conjecture of the probable depth of the final fall—came dimly over his thoughts, and seemed like the whispers of remorse. But it is rarely that man continues to lay blame on himself; and Jasper hastened to do as many a better person does without a blush for his folly—viz., shift upon the innocent shoulders of fellowmen, or on the hazy outlines of that clouded form which ancient schools and modern plagiarists call sometimes "Circumstance," sometimes "Chance," sometimes "Fate," all the guilt due to his own willful abuse of irrevocable hours.

With this consolatory creed came, of necessity, the devil's grand luxury, Revenge. Say to yourself, "For what I suffer I condemn another man, or I accuse the Arch-Invisible, be it a Destiny, be it a Maker!" and the logical sequel is to add evil to evil, folly to folly—to retort on the man who so wrongs, or on the Arch-Invisible who so afflicts you. Of all our passions is not Revenge the one into which enters with the most zest a devil? For what is a devil?—A being whose sole work on earth is some revenge on God!

Jasper Losely was not by temperament vindictive; he was irascible, as the vain are—combative, aggressive, turbulent, by the impulse of animal spirits; but the premeditation of vengeance was foreign to a levity and egotism which abjured the self-sacrifice that is equally necessary to hatred as to love. But Guy Darrell had forced into his moral system a passion not native to it. Jasper had expected so much from his marriage with the great man's daughter—counted so thoroughly on her power to obtain pardon and confer wealth—and his disappointment had been so keen—been accompanied with such mortification—that he regarded the man whom he had most injured as the man who had most injured him. But not till now did his angry feelings assume the shape of a definite vengeance. So long as there was a chance that he could extort from Darrell the money that was the essential necessary to his life, he checked his thoughts whenever they suggested a profitless gratification of rage. But now that Darrell had so scornfully and so inexorably spurned all concession—now that nothing was to be wrung from him except by force—force and vengeance came together in his projects. And yet, even in the daring outrage he was meditating, murder itself did not stand out as a thought accepted—no; what pleased his wild and turbid imagination was the idea of humiliating by terror the man who had humbled him by disdain. To penetrate into the home of this haughty scorner—to confront him in his own chamber at the dead of night, man to man, force to force; to say to him, "None now can deliver you from me—I come no more as a suppliant—I command you to accept my terms;" to gloat over the fears which, the strong man felt assured, would bow the rich man to beg for mercy at his feet;—this was the picture which Jasper Losely conjured up; and even the spoil to be won by violence smiled on him less than the grand position which the violence itself would bestow. Are not nine murders out of ten fashioned thus from conception into deed? "Oh that my enemy were but before me face to face—none to part us!" says the vindictive dreamer. Well, and what then? *There* his imagination halts—there he drops the sable curtain; he goes not on to say, "Why, *then* another murder will be added to the long catalogue from Cain." He palters with his deadly wish, and mutters, perhaps, at most, "Why, *then*—come what may."

Losely continued to gaze on the pale walls gleaming through the wintry boughs, as the moon rose high and higher. And now out broke the light from Darrell's lofty casement, and Losely smiled fiercely, and muttered—hark! the very words—"And *then!*—come what may."

Hoofs are now heard on the hard road, and Jasper is joined by his accomplice.

"Well!" said Jasper.

"Mount!" returned Cutts; "I have much to say as we ride."

"This will not do," resumed Cutts, as they sped fast down the lane; "why, you never told me all the drawbacks. There are no less than four men in the house—two servants besides the master and his secretary; and one of those servants, the butler or valet, has fire-arms, and knows how to use them."

"Pshaw!" said Jasper, scoffingly; "is that all? Am I not a match for four?"

"No, it is not all; you told me the master of the house was a retired elderly man, and you mentioned his name. But you never told me that your Mr. Darrell was the famous lawyer and Parliament man—a man about whom the newspapers have been writing the last six months."

"What does that signify?"

"Signify! Just this, that there will be ten times more row about the affair you propose than there would be if it concerned only a stupid old country squire, and therefore ten times as much danger. Besides, on principle, I don't like to have any thing to do with lawyers—a cantankrous, spiteful set of fellows. And this Guy Darrell! Why, General Jas, I have seen the man. He cross-examined me once when I was a witness on a case of fraud, and turned me inside out with as much ease as if I had been an old pin-cushion stuffed with bran. I think I see his eye now, and I would as lief have a loaded pistol at my head as that eye again fixed on mine."

"Pooh! You have brought a mask; and, besides, *you* need not see him; I can face him alone."

"No, no; there might be murder! I never mix myself with things of that kind, on principle; your plan will not do. There might be a much safer chance of more *swag* in a very different sort of scheme. I hear that the pictures in that ghostly long room I crept through are worth a mint of money. Now pictures of great value are well known, and there are collectors abroad who would pay almost any price for some pictures, and never ask where they came from; hide them for some years, perhaps, and not bring them forth till any tales that would hurt us had died away. This would be safe, I say. If the pictures are small, no one in the old house need be disturbed. I can learn from some of the trade what pictures Darrell really has that would fetch a high price, and then look out for customers abroad. This will take a little time, but be worth waiting for."

"I will not wait," said Jasper, fiercely; "and you are a coward. I have resolved that to-morrow night I will be in that man's room, and that man shall be on his knees before me."

Cutts turned sharply round on his saddle, and by aid of the moonlight surveyed Losely's countenance. "Oh, I see," he said, "there is more than robbery in your mind. You have some feeling of hate—of vengeance; the man has injured you?"

"He has treated me as if I were a dog," said Jasper; "and a dog *can* bite."

Cutts mused a few moments. "I have heard you talk at times about some rich relation or connection on whom you had claims; Darrell is the man, I suppose?"

"He is; and hark ye, Cutts, if you try to balk me here I will wring your neck off. And since I have told you so much, I will tell you this much more—that I don't think there is the danger you count on; for I don't mean to take Darrell's blood, and I believe he would not take mine."

"But there may be a struggle—and then?"

"Ay, if so, and then—man to man," replied Jasper, mutteringly.

Nothing more was said, but both spurred on their horses to a quicker pace. The sparks flashed from the hoofs. Now through the moonlight, now under shade of the boughs, scoured on the riders—Losely's broad chest and marked countenance, once beautiful, now fearful, formidably defined even under the shadows—his comrade's unsubstantial figure and goblin features flitting vague even under the moonlight.

The town they had left came in sight, and by this time Cutts had resolved on the course his prudence suggested to him. The discovery that, in the proposed enterprise, Losely had a personal feeling of revenge to satisfy, had sufficed to decide the accomplice peremptorily to have nothing to do with the affair. It was his rule to abstain from all transactions in which fierce passions were engaged. And the quarrels between relations or connections were especially those which his experience of human nature told him brought risk upon all intermeddlers. But he saw that Jasper was desperate; that the rage of the bravo might be easily turned on himself; and therefore, since it was no use to argue, it would be discreet to dissimulate. Accordingly, when they reached their inn, and were seated over their brandy-and-water, Cutts resumed the conversation, appeared gradually to yield to Jasper's reasonings, concerted with him the whole plan for the next night's operations, and took care meanwhile to pass the brandy. The day had scarcely broken before Cutts was off, with his bag of implements and tracts. He would have fain carried off also both the horses; but the hostler, surly at being knocked up at so early an hour, might not have surrendered the one ridden by Jasper without Jasper's own order to do so. Cutts, however, bade the hostler be sure and tell the gentleman, before going away, that he, Cutts, strongly advised him "to have nothing to do with the bullocks."

Cutts, on arriving in London, went straight to Mrs. Crane's old lodging opposite to Jasper's. But she had now removed to Podden Place, and left no address. On reaching his own home, Cutts, however, found a note from her, stating that she should be at her old lodging that evening, if he would call at half past nine o'clock; for, indeed, she had been expecting Jasper's promised visit—had learned that he had left his lodgings, and was naturally anxious to learn from Cutts what had become of him. When Cutts called at the appointed hour, and told his story, Arabella Crane immediately recognized all the danger which her informant had so prudently shunned. Nor was she comforted by Cutts's assurance that Jasper, on finding himself deserted, would have no option but to abandon, or at least postpone, an enterprise that, undertaken singly, would be too rash even for his reckless temerity. As it had become the object of her life to save Losely from justice, so she now shrunk from denouncing to justice his meditated crime; and the idea of recurring to Colonel Morley happily flashed upon her.

Having thus explained to the reader these antecedents in the narrative, we return to Jasper. He did not rise till late at noon; and as he was generally somewhat stupefied on rising, by the drink he had taken the night before, and by the congested brain which the heaviness of such sleep produced, he could not at first believe that Cutts had altogether abandoned the enterprise—rather thought that, with his habitual wariness, that Ulysses of the Profession had gone forth to collect further information in the neighborhood of the proposed scene of action. He was not fully undeceived in this belief till somewhat late in the day, when, strolling into the stable-yard, the hostler, concluding from the gentleman's goodly thews and size that he was a north-country grazier, delivered Cutts's allegorical caution against the bullocks.

Thus abandoned, Jasper's desperate project only acquired a still more concentrated purpose, and a ruder simplicity of action. His original idea, on first conceiving the plan of robbery, had been to enter into Darrell's presence disguised and masked. Even, however, before Cutts deserted him, the mere hope of plunder had become subordinate to the desire of a personal triumph; and now that Cutts had left him to himself, and carried away the means of disguise, Jasper felt rather pleased than otherwise at the thought that his design should have none of the characteristics of a vulgar burglary. No mask now; his front should be as open as his demand. Cutts's report of the facility of penetrating into Darrell's very room also lessened the uses of an accomplice. And in the remodification of his first hasty plan of commonplace midnight stealthy robbery, he would no longer even require an assistant to dispose of the plunder he might gain. Darrell should now yield to his exactions, as a garrison surprised accepts the terms of its conqueror. There would be no flight, no hiding, no fear of notes stopped at banks. He would march out, hand on haunch, with those immunities of booty that belong to the honors of war. Pleasing his self-conceit with so gallant a view of his meditated exploit, Jasper sauntered at dark into the town, bought a few long narrow nails and a small hammer, and returning to his room, by the aid of the fire, the tongs, and the hammer, he fashioned these nails, with an ease and quickness which showed an expert practitioner, into instruments that would readily move the wards of any common country-made lock. He did not care for weapons. He trusted at need to his own powerful hands. It was no longer, too, the affair of a robber unknown, unguessed, who might have to fight his way out of an alarmed household. It was but the visit which he, Jasper Losely, Esquire, thought fit to pay, however unceremoniously and unseasonably, to the house of a father-in-law! At the worst, should he fail in finding Darrell, or securing an unwitnessed interview—should he instead alarm the household, it would be a proof of the integrity of his intentions that he had no weapons save those which Nature bestows on the wild man as the mightiest of her wild beasts. At night he mounted his horse, but went out of his way, keeping the high-road for an hour or two, in order to allow ample time for the farmers to have quitted the rent-feast, and the old Manor House to be hushed in sleep. At last, when he judged the coast clear and the hour ripe, he wound back into the lane toward Fawley; and when the spire of its hamlet-church came in sight through the frosty star-lit air, he dismounted—led the horse into one of the thick beechwoods, that make the prevailing characteristic of the wild country round that sequestered dwelling-place—fastened the animal to a tree, and stalked toward the park-pales on foot. Lightly, as a wolf enters a sheepfold, he swung himself over the moss-grown fence; he gained the buttresses of the great raw pile; high and clear above from Darrell's chamber, streamed the light; all the rest of the old house was closed and dark, buried no doubt in slumber.

He is now in the hollows of the skeleton pile; he mounts the ladder; the lock of the door before him yields to his rude implements but artful hand. He is in the long gallery; the moonlight comes broad and clear through the large casements. What wealth of art is on the walls! but how profitless to the robber's greed! There, through the very halls which the master had built in the day of his ambition, saying to himself, "These are for far Posterity," the step of Violence, it may be of Murder, takes its stealthy way to the room of the childless man! Through the uncompleted pile, toward the uncompleted life, strides the terrible step.

The last door yields noiselessly. The small wooden corridor, narrow as the drawbridge which in ancient fortresses was swung between the commandant's room in the topmost story and some opposing wall, is before him. And Darrell's own door is half open; lights on the table—logs burning bright on the hearth. Cautiously Losely looked through the aperture. Darrell was not there; the place was solitary: but the opposite door was open also. Losely's fine ear caught the sound of a slight movement of a footstep in the room just below, to which that opposite door admitted. In an instant the robber glided within the chamber—closed and locked the door by which he had entered, retaining the key about his person. The next stride brought him to the hearth. Beside it hung the bell-rope common in old-fashioned houses. Losely looked round; on the table, by the writing implements, lay a pen-knife. In another moment the rope was cut, high out of Darrell's reach, and flung aside. The hearth, being adapted but for logwood fires, furnished not those implements in which, at a moment of need, the owner may find an available weapon—only a slight pair of brass wood-pincers, and a shovel equally frail. Such as they were, however, Jasper quietly removed and hid them behind a heavy old bureau. Steps were now heard mounting the stair that led into the chamber; Losely shrunk back into the recess beside the mantle-piece. Darrell entered, with a book in his hand, for which he had, indeed, quitted his chamber—a volume containing the last Act of Parliament relating to Public Trusts, which had been sent to him by his solicitor; for he is creating a deed of trust, to insure to the nation the Darrell Antiquities, in the name of his father, the antiquarian.

Darrell advanced to the writing-table, which stood in the centre of the room; laid down the book, and sighed—the short, quick, impatient sigh which had become one of his peculiar habits. The robber stole from the recess, and, gliding round to the door by which Darrell had entered, while the back of the master was still toward him, set fast the lock, and appropriated the key as he had done at the door which had admitted himself. Though the noise in that operation was but slight, it roused Darrell from his abstracted thoughts. He turned quickly, and at the same moment Losely advanced toward him.

At once Darrell comprehended his danger. His rapid glance took in all the precautions by which the intruder proclaimed his lawless purpose—the closed door, the bell-rope cut off. There, between those four secret walls, must pass the interview between himself and the desperado. He was unarmed, but he was not daunted. It was but man to man. Losely had for him his vast physical strength, his penury, despair, and vindictive purpose. Darrell had in his favor the intellect which gives presence of mind; the energy of nerve, which is no more to be seen in the sinew and bone than the fluid which fells can be seen in the jars and the wires; and that superb kind of pride, which, if terror be felt, makes its action impossible, because a disgrace, and bravery a matter of course, simply because it is honor.

As the bravo approached, by a calm and slight movement Darrell drew to the other side of the table, placing that obstacle between himself and Losely, and, extending his arm, said, "Hold, Sir; I forbid you to advance another step. You are here, no matter how, to reurge your claims on me. Be seated; I will listen to you."

Darrell's composure took Losely so by surprise that, mechanically, he obeyed the command thus tranquilly laid upon him, and sunk into a chair—facing Darrell with a sinister under-look from his sullen brow. "Ah!" he said, "you will listen to me now; but my terms have risen."

Darrell, who had also seated himself, made no answer; but his face was resolute, and his eye watchful. The ruffian resumed, in a gruffer tone, "My terms have risen, Mr. Darrell."

"Have they, Sir? and why?"

"Why! Because no one can come to your aid here; because here you can not escape; because here you are in my power!"

"Rather, Sir, I listen to you because here you are under my roof-tree; and it is you who are in my power!"

"Yours! Look round; the doors are locked on you. Perhaps you think your shouts, your cries, might bring aid to you. Attempt it—raise your voice—and I strangle you with these hands."

"If I do not raise my voice, it is, first, because I should be ashamed of myself if I required aid against one man; and, secondly, because I would not expose to my dependents a would-be assassin in him whom my lost child called husband. Hush, Sir, hush, or your own voice will alarm those who sleep below. And, now, what is it you ask? Be plain, Sir, and be brief."

"Well, if you like to take matters coolly, I have no objection. These are my terms. You have received large sums this day; those sums are in your house, probably in that bureau; and your life is at my will."

"You ask the moneys paid for rent to-day. True, they are in the house; but they are not in my apartments. They were received by another; they are kept by another. In vain, through the windings and passages of this old house, would you seek to find the room in which he stores them. In doing so, you will pass by the door of a servant who sleeps so lightly that the chances are that he will hear you; he is armed with a blunderbuss and with pistols. You say to me, 'Your money or your life.' I say to you, in reply, 'Neither: attempt to seize the money, and your own life is lost.'"

"Miser! I don't believe that sums so large are not in your own keeping. And even if they are not, you shall show me where they are; you shall lead me through those windings and passages of which you so tenderly warn me, my hand on your throat. And if servants wake, or danger threaten me, it is you who shall save me, or die! Ha! you do not fear me—eh, Mr. Darrell!" And Losely rose.

"I do not fear you," replied Darrell, still seated. "I can not conceive that you are here with no other design but a profitless murder. You are here, you say, to make terms; it will be time enough to see whose life is endangered, when all your propositions have been stated. As yet you have only suggested a robbery, to which you ask me to assist you. Impossible! Grant even that you were able to murder me, you would be just as far off from your booty. And yet you say your terms have risen! To me they seem fallen to—nothing! Have you any thing else to say?"

The calmness of Darrell, so supremely displayed in this irony, began to tell upon the ruffian—the magnetism of the great man's eye and voice, and steadfast courage, gradually gaining power over the wild, inferior animal. Trying to recover his constitutional audacity, Jasper said, with a tone of the old rollicking voice, "Well,

Mr. Darrell, it is all one to me how I wring from you, in your own house, what you refused me when I was a suppliant on the road. Fair means are pleasanter than foul. I am a gentleman—the grandson of Sir Julian Losely, of Losely Hall; I am your son-in-law; and I am starving. This must not be; write me a check."

Darrell dipped his pen in the ink, and drew the paper toward him.

"Oho! you don't fear me, eh? This is not done from fear, mind—all out of pure love and compassion, my kind father-in-law! You will write me a check for five thousand pounds—come, I am moderate—your life is worth a precious deal more than that. Hand me the check—I will trust to your honor to give me no trouble in cashing it, and bid you good-night, my—father-in-law."

As Losely ceased with a mocking laugh, Darrell sprang up quickly, threw open the small casement which was within his reach, and flung from it the paper on which he had been writing, and which he wrapped round the heavy armorial seal that lay on the table.

Losely bounded toward him. "What means that?—what have you done?"

"Saved your life and mine, Jasper Losely," said Darrell solemnly, and catching the arm that was raised against him. "We are now upon equal terms."

"I understand," growled the tiger, as the slaver gathered to his lips—"you think by that paper to summon some one to your aid."

"Not so—that paper is useless while I live. Look forth—the moonlight is on the roofs below—can you see where that paper has fallen? On the ledge of a parapet that your foot could not reach. It faces the window of a room in which one of my household sleeps; it will meet his eye in the morning when the shutters are unbarred; and on that paper are writ these words, 'If I am this night murdered, the murderer is Jasper Losely,' and the paper is signed by my name. Back, Sir—would you doom yourself to the gibbet?"

Darrell released the dread arm he had arrested, and Losely stared at him, amazed, bewildered.

Darrell resumed: "And now I tell you plainly that I can accede to no terms put to me thus. I can sign my hand to no order that you may dictate, because that would be to sign myself a coward—and my name is Darrell!"

"Down on your knees, proud man—sign you shall, and on your knees! I care not now for gold—I care not now a rush for my life. I came here to humble the man who from first to last has so scornfully humbled me. And I will, I will! On your knees—on your knees!"

The robber flung himself forward; but Darrell, whose eye had never quitted the foe, was prepared for and eluded the rush. Losely, missing his object, lost his balance, struck against the edge of the table which partially interposed between himself and his prey, and was only saved from falling by the close neighborhood of the wall, on which he came with a shock that for the moment well-nigh stunned him. Meanwhile Darrell had gained the hearth, and snatched from it a large log, half burning. Jasper, recovering himself, dashed the long matted hair from his eyes, and, seeing undismayed the formidable weapon with which he was menaced, cowered for a second and deadlier spring.

"Stay, stay, stay, parricide and madman!" cried Darrell, his eye flashing brighter than the brand. "It is not my life I plead for—it is yours. Remember, if I fall by your hand, no hope and no refuge are left to you! In the name of my dead child, and under the eye of avenging Heaven, I strike down the fury that blinds you, and I scare back your soul from the abyss!"

So ineffably grand were the man's look and gesture—so full of sonorous terror the swell of his matchless all-conquering voice—that Losely, in his midmost rage, stood awed and spellbound. His breast heaved, his eye fell, his frame collapsed, even his very tongue seemed to cleave to the parched roof of his mouth. Whether the effect so suddenly produced might have continued, or whether the startled miscreant might not have lashed himself into renewed wrath and inexpiable crime, passes out of conjecture. At that instant simultaneously were heard hurried footsteps in the corridor without, violent blows on the door, and voices exclaiming, "Open, open!—Darrell, Darrell!" while the bell at the portals of the old house rang fast and shrill.

"Ho!—is it so?" growled Losely, recovering himself at those unwelcome sounds. "But do not think that I will be caught thus, like a rat in a trap. No—I will—"

"Hist!" interrupted Darrell, dropping the brand, and advancing quickly on the ruffian—"Hist!—let no one know that my daughter's husband came here with a felon's purpose. Sit down—down, I say. It is for my house's honor that you should be safe." And suddenly placing both hands on Losely's broad shoulder, he forced him into a seat.

During these few hurried words the strokes at the door and the shouts without had been continued, and the door shook on its yielding hinges.

"The key—the key!" whispered Darrell.

But the bravo was stupefied by the suddenness with which his rage had been cowed, his design baffled, his position changed from the man dictating laws and threatening life to the man protected by his intended victim. And he was so slow in even comprehending the meaning of Darrell's order, that Darrell had scarcely snatched the keys less from his hand than from the pouch to which he at last mechanically pointed, when the door was burst open, and Lionel Haughton, Alban Morley, and the Colonel's servant were in the room. Not one of them, at the first glance, perceived the inmates of the chamber, who were at the right of their entrance, by the angle of the wall and in shadow. But out came Darrell's calm voice—

"Alban! Lionel!—welcome always; but what brings you hither, at such an hour, with such clamor? Armed, too!"

The three men stood petrified. There sate, peaceably enough, a large dark form, its hands on its knees, its head bent down, so that the features were not distinguishable; and over the chair in which this bending figure was thus confusedly gathered up, leaned Guy Darrell, with quiet ease—no trace of fear nor of past danger in his face, which, though very pale, was serene, with a slight smile on the firm lips.

"Well," muttered Alban Morley, slowly lowering his pistol, "well, I am surprised!—yes, for the first time in twenty years, I *am* surprised!"

"Surprised, perhaps, to find me at this hour still up, and with a person upon business—the door locked. However, mutual explanations later. Of course you stay here to-night. My business with this—this visitor is now over. Lionel, open that door—here is the key. Sir (he touched Losely by the shoulder, and whispered in his ear, 'Rise, and speak not!'—(aloud)—Sir, I need not detain you longer. Allow me to show you the way out of this rambling old house."

Jasper rose like one half-asleep, and, still bending his form and hiding his face, followed Darrell down the private stair, through the study, the library, into the hall, the Colonel's servant lighting the way; and Lionel and Morley, still too amazed for words, bringing up the rear. The servant drew the heavy bolts from the front door. And now the household had caught alarm. Mills first appeared with the blunderbuss, then the footman, then Fairthorn.

"Stand back, there!" cried Darrell, and he opened the door himself to Losely. "Sir," said he, then, as they stood in the moonlight, "mark that I told you truly you were in my power; and if the events of this night can lead you to acknowledge a watchful Providence, and recall with a shudder the crime from which you have been saved, why, then, I too, out of gratitude to Heaven, may think of means by which to free others from the peril of your despair."

Losely made no answer, but slunk off with a fast, furtive stride, hastening out of the moonlit sward into the gloom of the leafless trees.

CHAPTER II.

If the Lion ever wear the Fox's hide, still he wears it as the Lion.

When Darrell was alone with Lionel and Alban Morley the calm with which he had before startled them vanished. He poured out his thanks with deep emotion. "Forgive me; not in the presence of a servant could I say, 'You have saved me from an unnatural strife, and my daughter's husband from a murderer's end.' But by what wondrous mercy did you learn my danger? Were you sent to my aid?"

Alban briefly explained. "You may judge," he said, in conclusion, "how great was our anxiety, when, following the instructions of our guide, while our driver rang his alarum at the front portals, we made our entrance into yon ribs of stone, found the doors already opened, and feared we might be too late. But, meanwhile, the poor woman waits without in the carriage that brought us from the station. I must go and relieve her mind."

"And bring her hither," cried Darrell, "to receive my gratitude. Stay, Alban; while you leave me with her you will speak aside to Mills; tell him that you heard there was an attempt to be made on the house, and came to frustrate it, but that your fears were exaggerated; the man was more a half-insane mendicant than a robber. Be sure, at least, that his identity with Losely be not surmised, and bid Mills treat the affair lightly. Public men are exposed, you know, to assaults from crack-brained enthusiasts; or stay—I was once a lawyer, and (continued Darrell, whose irony had become so integral an attribute of his mind as to be proof against all trial) there *are* men so out of their wits as to fancy a lawyer has ruined them! Lionel, tell poor Dick Fairthorn to come to me." When the musician entered, Darrell whispered to him, "Go back to your room—open your casement—step out on to the parapet—you will see something white; it is a scrap of paper wrapped round my old armorial seal. Bring it to me just as it is, Dick. That poor young Lionel, we must keep him here a day or two; mind, no prickles for him, Dick."

CHAPTER III.

Arabella Crane *versus* Guy Darrell; or, Woman *versus* Lawyer. In the Courts, Lawyer would win; but in a Private Parlor, foot to foot and tongue to tongue, Lawyer has not a chance.

Arabella Crane entered the room; Darrell hesitated—the remembrances attached to her were so painful and repugnant. But did he not now owe to her, perhaps, his very life? He passed his hand rapidly over his brow, as if to sweep away all earlier recollections, and, advancing quickly, extended that hand to her. The stern woman shook her head, and rejected the proffered greeting.

"You owe me no thanks," she said, in her harsh, ungracious accents; "I sought to save not you, but him."

"How!" said Darrell, startled; "you feel no resentment against the man who injured and betrayed you?"

"What my feelings may be toward him are not for you to conjecture; man could not conjecture them; I am woman. What they once were I might blush for; what they are now, I could own without shame. But you, Mr. Darrell—you, in the hour of my uttermost anguish, when all my future was laid desolate, and the world lay crushed at my feet—you—man, chivalrous man!—you had for me no human compassion—you thrust me in scorn from your doors—you saw in my woe nothing but my error—you sent me forth, stripped of reputation, branded by your contempt, to famine or to suicide. And you wonder that I feel less resentment against him who wronged me than against you, who, knowing me wronged, only disdained my grief. The answer is plain—the scorn of the man she only reverenced leaves to a woman no memory to mitigate its bitterness and gall. The wrongs inflicted by the man she loved may leave, what they have left to me, an undying sense of a past existence—radiant, joyous, hopeful; of a time when the earth seemed covered with blossoms, just ready to burst into bloom; when the skies through their haze took the rose-hues as the sun seemed about to rise. The memory that I once was happy, at least then, I owe to him who injured and betrayed me. To you, when happiness was lost to me forever, what do I owe? Tell me."

Struck by her words, more by her impressive manner, though not recognizing the plea by which the defendant thus raised herself into the accuser, Darrell answered gently, "Pardon me; this is no moment to revive recollections of anger on my part; but reflect, I entreat you, and you will feel that I was not too harsh. In the same position any other man would not have been less severe."

"Any other man!" she exclaimed; "ay, possibly! but would the scorn of any other man so have crushed self-esteem? The injuries of the wicked do not sour us against the good; but the scoff of the good leaves us malignant against virtue itself. Any other man! Tut! Genius is bound to be indulgent. It should know human errors so well—has, with its large luminous forces, such errors itself when it deigns to be human, that, where others may scorn, genius should only pity." She paused a moment, and then slowly resumed. "And pity was my due. Had you, or had any one lofty as yourself in reputed honor, but said to me, 'Thou hast sinned—thou must suffer; but sin itself needs compassion, and compassion forbids thee to despair'—why, then, I might have been gentler to the things of earth, and less steeled against the influences of Heaven than I have been. That is all—no matter now. Mr. Darrell, I would not part from you with angry and bitter sentiments. Colonel Morley tells me that you have not only let the man, whom we need not name, go free, but that you have guarded the secret of his designs. For this I thank you. I thank you, because what is left of that blasted and deformed existence I have taken into mine. And I would save that man from his own devices as I would save my soul from its own temptations. Are you large-hearted enough to comprehend me? Look in my face—you have seen his; all earthly love is erased and blotted out of both."

Guy Darrell bowed his head in respect that partook of awe.

"You too," said the grim woman, after a pause, and approaching him nearer—"*you*, too, have loved, I am told, and you, too, were forsaken."

He recoiled and shuddered.

"What is left to your heart of its ancient folly? I should like to know! I am curious to learn if there be a man who can feel as woman! Have you only resentment? have you only disdain? have you only vengeance? have you pity? or have you the jealous, absorbing desire, surviving the affection from which it sprang, that still the life wrenched from you shall owe, despite itself, a melancholy allegiance to your own?"

Darrell impatiently waved his hand to forbid further questions; and it needed all his sense of the service this woman had just rendered him, to repress his haughty displeasure at so close an approach to his torturing secrets.

Arabella's dark bright eyes rested on his knitted brow, for a moment, wistfully, musingly. Then she said, "I see! man's inflexible pride—no pardon there! But own, at least, that you have suffered."

"Suffered!" groaned Darrell involuntarily, and pressing his hand to his heart.

"You have! and you own it! Fellow-sufferer, I have no more anger against you. Neither should pity, but let each respect, the other. A few words more—this child!"

"Ay—ay—this child! *you* will be truthful. You will not seek to deceive me—you know that she—she—claimed by that assassin, reared by his convict father—*she* is no daughter of my line!"

"What! would it then be no joy to know that your line did not close with yourself—that your child might—"

"Cease, madam, cease—it matters not to a man nor to a race when it perish, so that it perish at last with honor. Who would have either himself or his lineage live on into a day when the escutcheon is blotted and the name disgraced? No; if that be Matilda's child, tell me, and I will bear, as man may do, the last calamity which the will of Heaven may inflict. If, as I have all reason to think, the tale be an imposture, speak and give me the sole comfort to which I would cling amidst the ruin of all other hopes."

"Verily," said Arabella, with a kind of musing wonder in the tone of her softened voice; "verily, has a man's heart the same throb and fibre as a woman's? Had I a child like that blue-eyed wanderer with the frail form needing protection, and the brave spirit that ennobles softness, what would be my pride! my bliss! Talk of shame—disgrace! Fie—fie—the more the evil of others darkened one so innocent, the more cause to love and shelter her. But *I*—am childless! Shall I tell you that the offense which lies heaviest on my conscience has been my cruelty to that girl? She was given an infant to my care. I saw in her the daughter of that false, false, mean, deceiving friend, who had taken my confidence, and bought, with her supposed heritage, the man sworn by all oaths to me. I saw in her, too, your descendant, your rightful heiress. I rejoiced in a revenge on your daughter and yourself. Think not *I* would have foisted her on your notice! No. I would have kept her without culture, without consciousness of a higher lot; and when I gave her up to her grandsire the convict, it was a triumph to think that Matilda's child would be an outcast. Terrible thought! but I was mad then. But that poor convict whom you, in your worldly arrogance, so loftily despise—*he* took to his breast what was flung away as a worthless weed. And if the flower keep the promise of the bud, never flower so fair bloomed from your vaunted stem! And yet you would bless me, if I said, 'Pass on, childless man; she is nothing to you!'"

"Madam, let us not argue. You are right; man's heart and woman's must each know throbs that never are, and never should be, familiar to the other. I repeat my question, and again I implore your answer."

"I can not answer for certain; and I am fearful of answering at all, lest on a point so important I should mislead you. Matilda's child? Jasper affirmed it to me. His father believed him—I believed him. I never had the shadow of a doubt till—"

"Till what? For Heaven's sake, speak."

"Till about five years ago, or somewhat more, I saw a letter from Gabrielle Desmarets, and—"

"Ah! which made you suspect, as I do, that the child is Gabrielle Desmaret's daughter."

Arabella reared her crest as a serpent before it strikes. "Gabrielle's daughter! You think so. Her child that I sheltered! Her child for whom I have just pleaded to you! *Hers!*" She suddenly became silent. Evidently that idea had never before struck her; evidently it now shocked her; evidently something was passing through her mind which did not allow that idea to be dismissed. As Darrell was about to address her, she exclaimed, abruptly, "No! say no more now. You may hear from me again, should I learn what may decide at least this doubt one way or the other. Farewell, Sir."

"Not yet. Permit me to remind you that you have saved the life of a man whose wealth is immense."

"Mr. Darrell, my wealth in relation to my wants is perhaps immense as yours, for I do not spend what I possess."

"But this unhappy outlaw whom you would save from himself can henceforth be to you but a burden and a charge. After what has passed to-night, I do tremble to think that penury may whisper other houses to rob, other lives to menace. Let me, then, place at your disposal, to be employed in such mode as you deem the best, whatever may be sufficient to secure an object which we may here have in common."

"No, Mr. Darrell," said Arabella, fiercely; "whatever he be, never with my consent shall Jasper Losely be beholden to you for alms. If money can save him from shame and a dreadful death, that money shall be mine. I have said it. And hark you, Mr. Darrell, what is repentance without atonement? I say not that I repent, but I do know that I seek to atone."

The iron-gray robe fluttered an instant, and then vanished from the room.

When Alban Morley returned to the library he saw Darrell at the farther corner of the room on his knees. Well might Guy Darrell thank Heaven for the mercies vouchsafed to him that night. Life preserved? Is *that* all? Might life yet be bettered and gladdened? Was there aught in the grim woman's words that might bequeath thoughts which reflection would ripen into influences over action? aught that might suggest the cases in which, not ignobly, Pity might subjugate Scorn? In the royal abode of that soul does Pride *only* fortify Honor? is it but the mild king, not the imperial despot? Would it blind, as its rival, the reason? Would it chain, as a rebel, the Heart? Would it mar the dominions that might be serene by the treasures it wastes—by the wars it provokes? Self-knowledge! self-knowledge! From Heaven, indeed, descends the precept—"Know thyself." That truth was told to us by the old heathen oracle. But what old heathen oracle has told us *how* to know?

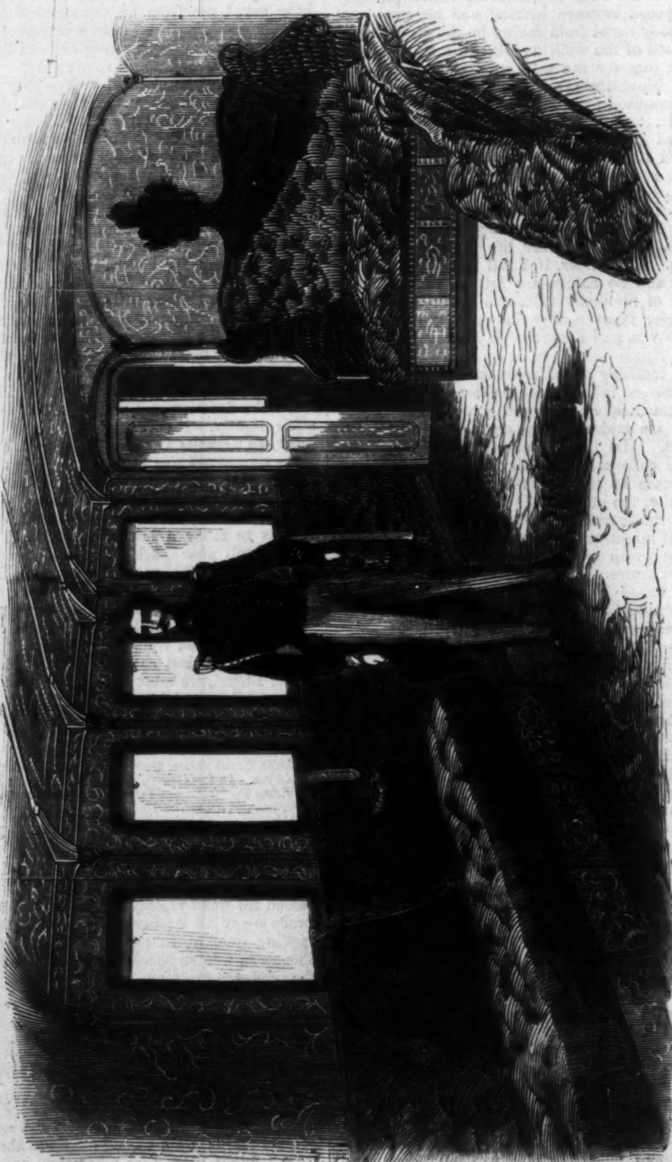
HOW THE FRENCH EMPEROR TRAVELS BY RAIL.

We have thought our readers in this country would be curious to see how the Emperor of France travels when, in the language of court journals, he condescends to honor a railway with the care of his person. Not very long since our newspapers contained an account of the President's journey from Lancaster to Washington; he took his seat in the common car like Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones, washed at the common basin at some station or other, wiped himself on the common towel, and was debarred from the enjoyment of his Havana by the common bell summoning "all aboard."

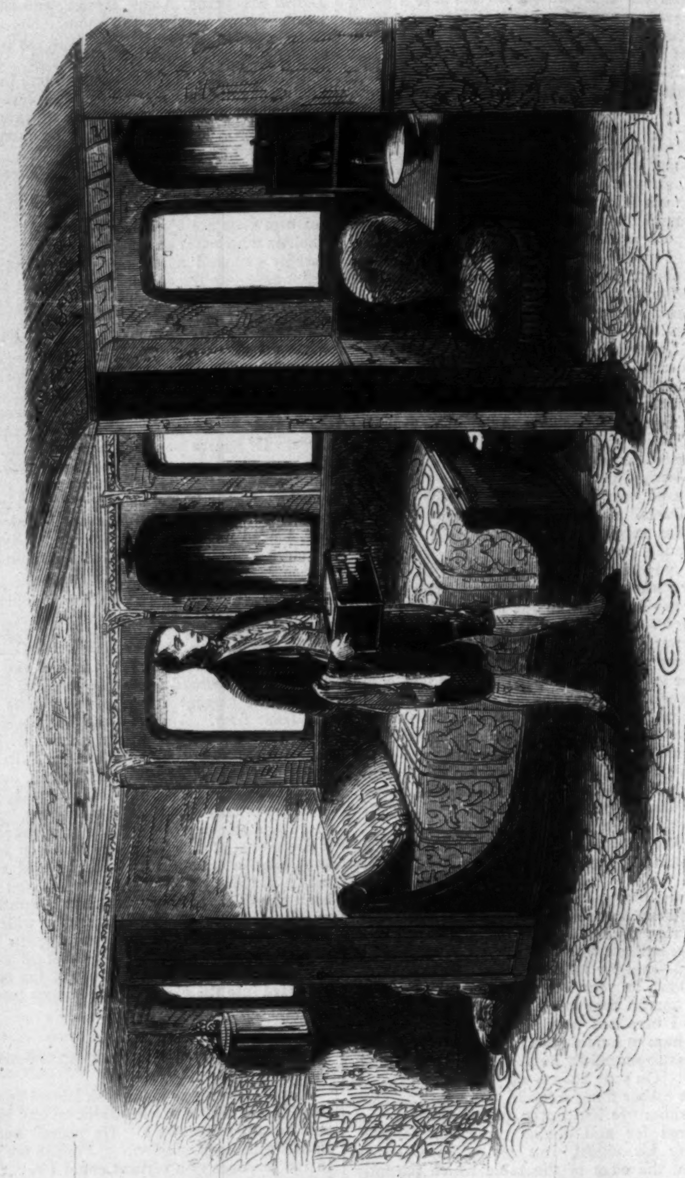
They order things differently in France. The Imperial train is, in the first place, uncontaminated by the companionship of common cars. The happy locomotive which has the felicity to draw the Emperor draws no vulgar mortals; its whole strength is reserved for Imperial freight.

Six grand and magnificent cars, or "wagons," as they term them in France, compose the Imperial train. Of these the first is appropriated to the baggage, over which the Imperial valets preside—

THE FRENCH IMPERIAL RAILWAY TRAIN.



INTERIOR OF THE IMPERIAL SALON-CAR.



INTERIOR OF THE IMPERIAL BEDCHAMBER-CAR.

themselves majestic and superb toward mere railway directors. Next comes the bedchamber. This is fitted up with every convenience and luxury. Satin, damask, brocatelle, and ormolu glitter on every side. The bed is provided with springs which yield so gently and smoothly that the roughest road shall not wake the sleeper. Thick curtains shut out the light. Soft carpets receive the naked feet of the Emperor and Empress in that solemn retreat. The toilet-table is provided with every convenience. His Majesty's mustache is *cirée* and his hair trimmed with as much ease while the train is bowling along at twenty-five miles an hour as if he were at the Tuileries or Fontainebleau. When the Empress honors the day by arising from her bed, a perfumed bath, heated by the locomotive, awaits her. Her maids are provided with cosmetics and all the thousand appliances of female toilet. When she gets up, the engineer is signaled to "slow the train," in order that the delicate and inscrutable mysteries of the Empress's toilet may not be disturbed by untoward jars or shakes. A roomy section of the baggage-car is devoted to hoops. Cases past counting burst with silks, laces, and fine linen. Every thing is there—dress, chamber-furniture, and attendance—so that the directors can boast that her Majesty has been as comfortable—at their expense—as she might have been at her own in the Tuileries (*Apropos*, we do not see where her maids sleep: must we infer that they share the apartment of the aid-de-camps, with each a sword beside her, in the old Persian fashion?).

Next to the sleeping apartment is the *salon*, where the Empress receives company while the train is in progress, and the Emperor, at a convenient desk—so contrived with the aid of ingenious springs as to be steady under all circumstances—writes dispatches, and reads the news of the day. Prefects of departments obtain audiences here, and discuss the affairs of their departments at thirty miles an hour. It is of course a gorgeous room, as rich and as comfortable as money can make it.

Beyond this is the ante-chamber, or "platform," as the French call it—an open car, where the aid-de-camps entertain visitors until the time comes for their admittance to the drawing-room. The next car is a snug little dining-room, admirably papered, painted, and furnished; and beyond this is the chamber of the "gentlemen-in-waiting."

The whole thing is complete—as our illustrations will show. It is a very pretty arrangement—for the Emperor; and if all our readers were emperors, we should strongly recommend its adoption in this country. For the railway, which furnishes the carpets, and the damasks, and the silks, and the lace curtains, and the ormolu furniture, and the cosmetics, and the train generally, it may, however, be a very different operation.

JOHN SINGER'S STORY.

A NARRATIVE OF FACT.

"It was the 25th of July," said John, "when, with my wife, seven children, and my wife's niece, I went on board the *Camden*, in B—— harbor, for the United States. We had never been to sea before, and we knew well enough that sea-sickness awaited us, and that we should most likely be all ill together for a day or two. I had made what preparation I could for this bad time by providing some simple medicines, a small stock of spirits, and the means of procuring hot water at two minutes' notice. Sure enough the sickness came, and a miserable time it was. The wife and children were all laid up in their berths before we were out of the Channel, and were unable to help themselves. I was sick too, and could have followed their example: but in that case we should have been all helpless together; so I forced a resolution, and waited on the rest as well as I could through it all.

"The youngest of the children got over it first; my wife suffered most, and we had been five days at sea before she was sufficiently recovered to be able to come on deck. When at last she got into the fresh sea-air, it revived her at once—her appetite and strength returned, and her old cheerful spirits and activity as well. She set to work to put things in a comfortable trim, and made our little cabin quite a parlor.

"We had reason to be thankful that we were separated in all respects from the steerage passengers. They numbered about fifty to sixty in all, and were not only of the poor and miserable, but of the dirty and degraded class. Nearly all were Irish, and about a third of them were women, who—I will say that for them, poor souls!—were much better than the men, and did a good deal to restrain the violence of their conduct and language. I I don't think the whole steerage could have mustered five shillings among them, and the greater part had nothing but rags for clothing. They subsisted entirely on the rations dealt out to them, and about these, and a small stock of tobacco which seemed to be common property, they were quarreling day and night. Soon after sundown the captain sent them all below, and shut down the grated covering of the hatchway; but I noticed that he took continual care to ventilate their quarters, for he was afraid, as he told me, lest some virulent disease should break out among such a dirty set, and we without a doctor on board.

"Our crew consisted of eight men besides the mate and three boys; there were no cabin passengers, nor was there accommodation for any—the *Camden* carrying a good deal of merchandise, principally of rough Birmingham goods, such as are in use and demand among settlers and colonists. I was no sailor, as I said before, and ill qualified to judge of sea matters; yet I could not help thinking we made but slow progress compared with other vessels. We were in the track of ships bound to New York, and I had noticed that one or two which hove in sight in our rear had overtaken and passed us in the course of a day. When I mentioned this to the mate, he said those vessels were liners, built for sailing, and not for trade, like the *Camden*—we were doing well enough.

"From the position of our cabin, I could hear, as I lay in my berth at night, not only every movement of the crew on the deck, but also, when the weather was not rough—and it was mostly fine—every word that was said. To this circumstance I owe it that I am now a living man, and that I and mine are not lying fathoms deep in the devouring sea. One night, as I lay awake listening to the lap, lap of the water against the side, the voices of the captain and mate conversing in an undertone drew my attention. Some words that passed between them aroused my fears; I sprang out of bed, and stealing to the door, overheard enough of the parley to make my blood run cold. I gathered that the vessel was leaking at all points through the strain of the cargo—that in spite of pumping to the utmost, the water gained upon them, and that it was the mate's opinion she would founder, do what they might, within twenty-four hours. The crew, of course, were not ignorant of their condition, and they would mutiny and seize the boats and abandon the ship unless relieved by some vessel in the course of the following day. The captain was plainly at his wits' end, and knew not how to act. To make the passengers aware of their position would be certain destruction to all on board, as nothing else could be expected but a desperate fight for life, in which the boats, hardly capable of containing two dozen people, would to a certainty be all swamped. A groan from the captain was the last sound I heard, as they turned away from the spot, still conversing together.

"You may suppose the trouble of my mind at this fearful discovery. I thank goodness it was not allowed to unsettle my wits, and so prevent me from doing what was best to be done. I thought it right not to oppress my wife and family with this bitter knowledge, so long as it could be avoided; and as I lay awake and listened to their breathing, I prayed to Heaven for guidance, and turned over in my mind every thing that it was possible to do. I came at last to the only conclusion which seemed to promise us a chance of life; and what that was will appear before long. I could not sleep, and yet toward morning I fell into a doze, from which I was roused by a frightful dream of a wild storm, and all my little ones swallowed up in the vortex of the sea, and none to save them.

"Next day I went on deck, and endeavored to behave as though ignorant of every thing: it was a hard task, for I was never used to deceit. I watched narrowly every thing that took place, and knowing what I did, saw but too plainly confirmation of what I had heard in the anxious, dogged looks of the crew. I heard the noise of the pumps going continually, though I could not see them. About nine o'clock it came on to rain, and rained the whole of the day so hard that few of the emigrants came on deck, and those only for a short time. The rain was accompanied by a thick mist, which bounded our view to a mile's circuit at most. I had noticed that a signal fluttered on the mast, which I had no doubt was a distress-signal; but what chance was there of its being seen in the thick rain-mist? There was a brass gun on deck, and about noon the captain gave orders to have it scaled and cleared up by one of the boys. It was fired several times, and the report brought up a lot of the idle fellows, who clamored for more discharges, which the captain, as if to gratify them, allowed. I knew well enough that these also were signals of distress; but they were not heard, and the day passed away, and nothing hove in sight.

"About half an hour before sunset the mist blew off, the clouds dispersed, and the whole sea-view was again clear to the horizon on all sides. I watched the faces of the crew as they looked anxiously round; the mate himself ran to the masthead with a telescope, and remained there till the sun had sunk, and only a long streak of yellow light shone in that direction. The fine evening had brought all the passengers on deck, and they were inclined to dance and be merry. All my little ones, too, ran out into the sunshine, and gamboled playfully among the cordage. It made my heart break to look at them. My wife was about calling them in to put them to bed; then it was that I beckoned her into the cabin, and shut the door. I took both her hands in mine, and looking her sorrowfully and solemnly in the face, said:

"'Betsy, my loving wife, can you, for the dear children's sake, banish all a woman's fears and weaknesses, and be firm to act as I shall bid you?'

"It was not so much the words as the tone of my voice which made her shrink back, and, in a manner, gasp for breath; but she recovered herself with a great effort.

"'John,' she replied, 'I knew it; I have known all day there was something dreadful on your mind. Let me share it; I have a right to share it; with God's help, I can and will bear it—indeed, indeed, you shall not have to reproach me with weakness.'

"'It is well,' I said; 'remember what you have promised, and that the lives of all you love may depend upon your keeping your word.' I then told her the dreadful tidings, and how the knowledge had come into my possession. She heard the whole with more fortitude than I had expected; but she turned stone-color at my words, and from the calmness with which she spoke afterward, you might have thought her heart had turned into a stone.

"'What are we to do, John? I will obey you in all things. Is there any hope of life? My children—my children!'

"'Remember!' I said, 'not a word of grief or complaint, lest you destroy what little hope there is. Trust in Providence, and do what I tell you.' I then gave her directions—first, to put the children to bed without undressing them; then, with the help of her niece, to pack up some small parcels of preserved meats and sweet biscuits, and to have outer clothing ready for the children at a moment's notice. I gave her as much to do as I could think of, to keep her mind from running on the horrors of our situation, which, as the crisis drew near, were hardly supportable to myself.

"I then went on deck, sent the girl in with the children, and walked up and down with my eyes wide open. I observed that the long-boat, which, the day before, had contained all sorts of rubbish, had been cleared out, and that some barrels and boxes had been stowed under the thwarts, while two pair of new oars had been brought up from below. The two smaller boats remained swinging in their places, one over the side, the other at the stern.

"It must have been about an hour after sunset when the captain began complaining of the filthy state of the decks, and declaring that he would have them swilled at once, ordered all the passengers to their berths. There was some demur among the rough Irish fellows at this mandate, but he quieted them by the promise of a kettle of rum-punch, which he ordered the cook to prepare and serve out to them. They were now all obedience; were soon in possession of the grog, and we heard them singing lustily in chorus while it lasted. Meanwhile, the pumps worked harder than ever, and some show of swilling the decks was made; but I sat like a cat on the watch with my gun loaded in my hand, a knife in my girdle, and ready to act at the decisive moment. It was a moonlight night, and I could see plainly all that took place around the long-boat. From time to time things were brought and put into it; among the rest, the ship's compass and chronometers.

"Before midnight the noise in the steerage had died away, and the whole of the emigrants were probably buried in sleep. The mate came on tiptoe down to our cabin-door, and listened to ascertain if any of us were awake. The breathing of the children deceived him, and he returned to the deck, where he immediately signaled the lowering of the boats. The whole crew were but too ready to assist at this service; three of them sprang into the boat at the side, which touched the water the next minute; and then the long-boat was hauled toward the slings, and was in the act of being suspended, when I felt the moment was come, and, rushing out, presented myself to the astonished crew.

"They paused in their work, and glancing silently at one another, began to gather round me.

"'What is the matter, Singer?' said the captain. 'You seem alarmed; has any thing disturbed you?'

"I had taken my station against the bulwarks, under the slings, before I replied.

"'I am not a man to be alarmed without reason,' I said. 'You know whether I speak truth when I tell you there is reason enough now.'

"'You are dreaming,' he returned; 'but I have no time to parley with you; be so good as to return to your cabin.'

"'That's of no use, captain,' I replied; 'pray, understand at once that I know every thing. I don't intend to go to the bottom with my wife and children, so long as a chance remains. You don't lower that boat unless you take my family on board.' As I spoke, I tapped twice on the side-rail, and Betsy came out on deck with the girl and seven children, as I had bidden her. 'Refuse my demand,' I went on, 'and we raise the passengers, and let them know the truth. Who will escape then, you can tell better than I.'

"Again the men looked at each other, and though several of them made as if they would speak, each checked himself, and for a minute not a word was uttered. At last an old seaman stepped forward. 'It's no use talkin' and disputin' now,' he said. 'Mr. Singer's right; and it can't be expected for him to do no otherwise. We must have the family with us, and leave the provisions behind, and trust to being picked up; that's what it is, cap'n, accordin' to my 'pinion.'

"'There is nothing else to be done,' was the captain's answer. 'Be quick, boys; put in the children, and lower away.'

"Two or three barrels, and as many bags, and a large hamper, were hastily removed from the boat. My wife and children were put into it as it hung over the side; two seamen followed, and it was lowered into the water, the sea being fortunately calm. The boat at the stern was not lowered at all; it was in fact but a mere cockle-shell, and would have been of little use. The captain distributed the remainder of the crew between the two boats, so that the long-boat carried fifteen in all, and the other seven. Myself and the captain were the last who left the vessel. Notwithstanding the terrible anxiety of the moment, I could not help pitying that miserable man, as he lingered and lingered on board, and seemed to be inventing one excuse after another for delaying the final abandonment of his ship. The mate in the long-boat called to him several times, but he seemed as though he did not hear, and continued pottering about among the rejected articles with which the deck was strewed, as if in search of something, though he knew not what. More than once he sat down on a coil of rope, and buried his face in his hands, until I began to doubt whether he would quit the vessel at all, and had not made up his mind to remain and share the miserable fate of the castaways. But he, like myself, had a wife and children dependent upon him; the thought of them no doubt tugged at his heart-strings, and urged him to self-preservation. The last thing he did was to go and withdraw the bolt which fastened down the grating over the steerage; and then, signing to me to slip down the side, he said in a whisper: 'They are awake; I heard them talking. The Lord have mercy upon them! They will never see the day.'

"We were no sooner in the boat than the men pushed off and moved rapidly away, as if determined to get out of sight and hearing of the miserable beings left all unconscious of the fate that was fast approaching them. We made but little way, however, because our boat was too heavily loaded. The captain gave orders to have certain things thrown overboard, and some indispensable provisions transferred to the other boat, which was less crowded. These things delayed us for some time within a stone's-throw of the *Camden*, from which I could not withdraw my eyes for a moment. The moon shone so brightly that every rope of the doomed vessel was visible, and all the familiar objects on the deck which had been our home. Nearly all the sails were set, and showed ghastly-white beneath the moon; but the vessel being without guidance, they flapped idly this way and that, like the wings of a wounded bird. Slowly the head of the vessel turned round, and, as she drifted before the wind, advanced toward the boats. Just then I saw a figure in a white night-dress running franticly about the deck—now peering over the side, now with hands clasped above its head, gazing up at the sky, but uttering not a word. Then it disappeared, and within a minute, from the hollow hull of the vessel, came a tumult of voices—of savage execrations mingled with despairing cries and shrieks, as the forlorn and wretched creatures swarmed out upon the deck. They crowded to the little boat at the stern, fought savagely for the possession of it, and swamped it in the vain attempt to get it afloat—the most forward and furious of them perishing before the eyes of the rest. And now that all were aware of the death that awaited them, the cries and the curses, and the long dismal howls and shrieks all mingling together, were most heart-rending and horrible to hear, and will ring in my ears to my dying day. They soon caught sight of our boats, as the men, panic-stricken by the awful sounds, paused upon their oars, and gazed as if fascinated by the fearful tragedy. As the sinking ship lurched heavily nearer and nearer, we merely pulled a few strokes sufficient to maintain a safe distance, and then paused and gazed again. The poor doomed wretches, stretching their clasped hands toward us, prayed piteously for the help we could not afford them; and anon goaded to madness by our silence, for we answered them not a word, called down curses from Heaven upon our heads. It was a dreadful and sickening thing to be obliged to fly from the distress which we would all have willingly risked our lives to alleviate. But, alas! there was no help for it; and all we could do was to add in silence our bitter lamentations to their own. For more than two hours we sat the agonizing spectators of this horrible tragedy. It must have been nearly three hours past midnight when the *Camden* went down, and the last drowning cry of the wretched passengers rang in our ears. I prayed to Heaven earnestly that night that no human eye might ever again behold such a spectacle; and I hope the Great Ruler of the universe will hear my prayer.

"The dead, cold silence that followed struck more terror to my heart than all the agonizing cries that had gone before. Then I heard the strong men sobbing like women; but at these sounds the captain, who had hid his face from the dreadful spectacle of the wreck, roused himself, and in a calm, severe voice, ordered the men to pull away, himself taking charge of the rudder. I had been in a sort of maze all this time, incapable of doing any thing but stare fixedly on the poor sinking ship; but when the boat began to move, I was recalled to my proper senses, and then the thought of my family, and the peril we were in, almost bewildered me again. I turned to my poor wife; she was in a dead swoon, and, as I afterward found, had fainted the moment I had joined her in the boat, and had beheld nothing of the fearful sight which had unnerved us all. She lay in the arms of her niece, who was almost as helpless as herself. The two eldest girls were moaning with apprehension and terror; but I was glad to see that the younger children were fast asleep, and that the girl had covered them up close in the bottom of the boat. We were all huddled together, with the captain at the stern, and, as the sea was quite calm, were fortunately warm and dry. I put a little brandy to Betsy's lips, and chafed her hands and feet, and it was not long before she revived and looked round. The captain was very kind to us, and so were the men, and bore me no malice for the part I had taken; on the contrary, they endeavored to encourage us by saying that we should be sure to be picked up, at the furthest, in a day or two, and that, unless we had rough weather, all would be well.

"The day was now beginning to dawn, and there was soon light enough to reveal the horizon on the eastern side. Two sails were visible, they said, though I could not see them; but they were too far off to catch sight of any signals we could make, and none were attempted. All that day we rowed on in an easterly course, looking anxiously for some relieving vessel. Whether the captain felt the confidence he expressed with regard to our being picked up, I do not know; but in the afternoon he caused an account to be taken of whatever provisions were on board the boats; had them fairly distributed according to the numbers in each; and put us all upon an allowance, which, he said, would last for five days, with water for three days more. The sweet biscuits and the spirits in my possession were added to the general stock—the latter to be used only for cases of sickness or exhaustion. I had little inclination for food myself; but it distressed me to hear the complaints of the children at the scanty meal allotted them that day, and it went to my heart to be obliged to quiet them by reproof; what grieved me still more was that my wife would not touch her allowance, but shared it with the youngest children.

"Toward evening a sail appeared to the northward, at the distance of five or six miles. We hoisted a shawl on an oar for a signal, and turned our boats toward her, and at one time had good hopes that she had seen us, as she altered her course as if to meet us; but she veered off on another tack shortly after, and disappeared in the distance and dusk of the evening. This disappointment came like a fresh calamity, and cast a dismal gloom on us all; but now a worse thing alarmed us—the weather became overcast, and though there was not much wind, the billows rose and fell in long black walls of water, now heaving us aloft on their tops, now plunging us down in the gloomy furrows. The boat lay very deep in the water. The captain signaled the other boat to know if they could relieve us of a part of our weight; but all they could do was to take

one of the water-casks, which they hauled on board with a rope. We threw over a few of the articles which could best be spared, and thus lightened the boat a little. Meanwhile the weather grew worse—the billows began to break in foam, and the spray dashed over us in showers. With the aid of hammer, a saw, and a piece of sail-cloth, we managed to rig up at the stern a rude bulwark against the breakers, which would else have swamped us. It now began to rain, and that in a way that promised a continuance of wet for some hours at least. In a few minutes we were all drenched to the skin—and all more than ever impressed with the extremity of our misery and peril. My wife scarcely spoke a word, unless it was to quiet and comfort the children, who now cried bitterly, and would not be consoled. The men no longer talked hopefully; but I could see them straining their eyes through the darkness, as it descended rapidly upon us, in search of some passing vessel.

"I think we all tasted the bitterness of death many times that night. Had the swell of the sea, as we expected, increased and brought the wind in its track, nothing could have saved us from sinking. It pleased God, however, to compassionate our distress, and limit the fury of the waves; and the rain ceasing an hour after midnight, the moon struggled fitfully from the clouds, and showed us—oh, happy sight!—a large vessel bearing full down upon us, not half a mile in our rear. The men of both boats saw it together, and raised a shout with combined voices. Apparently this was not heard, and the captain called to me to fire my gun, which I had mechanically brought with me, and which he had prevented me from throwing overboard when I offered to do so. I did as he desired, and a minute after we had the inexpressible rapture of seeing a flash on board the ship, and hearing the responding report of their gun. I can not tell you the feelings which now rushed into my breast—the gladness and the gratitude of such a time they only know who, having been long in the very jaws of death, are suddenly snatched from its horrors to peace and safety.

"The good ship which had saved us was *La Pucelle*, a French vessel, bound for Cherbourg from New York. Except the captain, none on board could speak much of the English tongue; but they understood our wants, and supplied them with a kindness and hospitality not to be surpassed, and seemed pleased beyond measure of their good fortune in finding us. We continued with them five days, at the end of which time they spoke an English brig, bound for Cardiff, to which, with many hearty good wishes and farewells, they transferred us. We arrived safely, in three days more, in the Bristol Channel, and I was allowed to land at Swansea, where a relative of my wife's received us hospitably after the fearful perils we had escaped."

Such was Singer's account of his first sea-voyage, twenty-seven years ago.

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

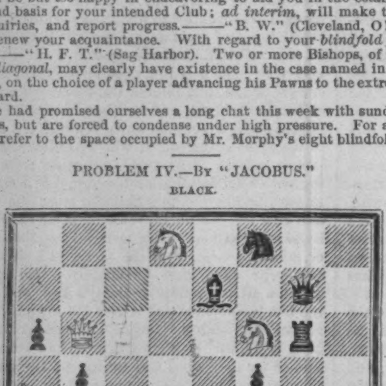
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Jacobus." We print your seven-move Problem, of which we think highly.——Correct solutions to Problem II. have been received under the following initials: "J. C. K." (Kingston, C.W.), "R. D. C." (Washington), "J. L. C." (Evansville, Ind.), "R. M. C." (Smithfield, Va.), "C. H. K." (New Orleans), and "Emma" (Brooklyn). Incorrect ones from those ensuing, viz.: "G. W. D., Jun.," "C. R.," and "M. K." Correct solutions to No. III. are to hand from "A. O. W.," "S. T.," "Emma," and "D. R." Those by "Fip" and "L. M." are unsound.——"W. H. E." (Augusta, Ga.). We shall be but too happy in endeavoring to aid you in the establishment of a sound basis for your intended Club; *ad interim*, will make the necessary inquiries, and report progress.——"B. W." (Cleveland, O!). Right glad to renew your acquaintance. With regard to your *blindfold* game, *au revoir*.——"H. F. T." (Sag Harbor). Two or more Bishops, of the same colored *diagonal*, may clearly have existence in the case named in your letter; viz., on the choice of a player advancing his Pawns to the extreme *rank* of the board.

*** We had promised ourselves a long chat this week with sundry correspondents, but are forced to condense under high pressure. For an excuse we must refer to the space occupied by Mr. Morphy's eight blindfold games.

PROBLEM IV.—By "JACOBUS."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in seven moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM III.

	White.	Black.
1.	Kt to Q B 2	B takes Kt (best)
2.	Kt to B 4	any thing.
3.	Q or Kt checkmates.	

Morphy in Paris.—During an interval occurring in Mr. Morphy's late match with Mr. Harrwitz, Mr. M. not only delighted the Parisians, but, we may well say, *astounded* them, by an exhibition of his wonderful powers as a blindfold player. The following eight games (with notes by Mr. Howard Staunton) were on this occasion conducted by Mr. M. against a corresponding number of players of the highest grade; and, as will be seen, with complete success—seven of them being scored to Mr. M.'s account, and the remaining game terminating in a draw!

BOARD NO. I.—MR. BOUCHER.

(*Philidor's Defense.*)

	White (*Mr. M.*)	Black (*Mr. B.*)
1.	P to K 4	P to K 4
2.	K Kt to K B 3	P to Q 3
3.	P to Q 4	P takes P
4.	Q takes P	Q Kt to Q B 3
5.	K B to Q Kt 5	Q B to Q 2
6.	B takes Kt.	B takes B
7.	B to K Kt 5	P to K B 3
8.	B to K R 4	Kt to K R 3
9.	Q Kt to Q B 3	K B to K 2
10.	Castles on K side	Castles
11.	Q to Q B 4 (ch)	K to R sq
12.	K Kt to Q 4	Q to her 2
13.	Q R to Q sq	K R to K B 2
14.	P to K B 4	P to Q R 4
15.	P to K B 5	K R to K B sq
16.	K Kt to K 6	K R to K Kt sq
17.	P to Q R 4	Kt to Kt 5
18.	Q to K 2	Kt to K 4
19.	B to K Kt 3	Q to Q B sq

(To enable him to capture the Bishop, which is about to take the Kt, with the Q's Pawn.)

	White (*Mr. M.*)	Black (*Mr. B.*)
20.	B takes Kt	Q P takes B
21.	K R to K B 3	

(The attack looks already irresistible, but the actual finish is charmingly accomplished.)

	White (*Mr. M.*)	Black (*Mr. B.*)
21.		Q B to Q 2

(By this move Black may be said to lose a piece. His best course—but that a bad one—was possibly to retreat this Bishop to K's square.)

	White (*Mr. M.*)	Black (*Mr. B.*)
22.	K R to K R 3	

(Threatening mate in two moves.)

	White (*Mr. M.*)	Black (*Mr. B.*)
22.		P to K R 3
23.	Q to Q 2	K to R 2

(To avert the promised mate, by R takes Pawn, etc.)

	White (*Mr. M.*)	Black (*Mr. B.*)
24.	Q takes Q B	B to Q 3
25.	K R takes K R P (ch)	

(The termination is very pretty—quite an elegant little problem.)

	White (*Mr. M.*)	Black (*Mr. B.*)
25.		K takes R
26.	R to Q 3	

(And Black has no possible means of escape; for, if he play Q to K sq, White simply captures the Queen for nothing: if B to Q B's 4 (ch), then follows K to B sq, etc.)

	White (*Mr. M.*)	Black (*Mr. B.*)
26.		K to R 4
27.	Q to K B 7 (ch)	

And wins; the battle having lasted about seven hours.

BOARD NO. II.—MR. BIERWIRTH.

(*French Opening.*)

	White (*Mr. M.*)	Black (*Mr. B.*)
1.	P to K 4	P to K 3
2.	P to Q 4	P to Q B 3
3.	K B to Q 3	P to Q 4
4.	P takes P	K P takes P
5.	K Kt to K B 3	Q B to K Kt 5
6.	Castles	K B to Q 3
7.	P to K R 3	Q B to K R 4
8.	Q B to K 3	Q Kt to Q 2
9.	K R to K sq	K Kt to K 2
10.	Q Kt to Q 2	Q B takes Kt
11.	Kt takes B	P to K R 3
12.	Q to Q 2	Q to Q B 2
13.	P to Q B 4	P takes P
14.	K B takes P	P to K B 4
15.	Kt to K 5	Ctls. on Q side
16.	K B to K 6	B takes Kt
17.	P takes B	K to Q Kt sq
18.	Q to Q B 3	

(A very ingenious move. If Black take the Pawn with his Queen, he of course loses her by "B takes Q R P (ch)," etc., and if with the Kt it costs him at least a piece.)

	White (*Mr. M.*)	Black (*Mr. B.*)
18.		Q Kt to Q Kt 3
19.	Q to Q R 3	Q Kt to Q B sq
20.	Q R to Q B sq	P to K Kt 4
21.	P to K B 4	P takes P
22.	Q B takes P	Q R to Q 5
23.	Q to K 3	Q R to K 5
24.	Q to K B 3	Q to Q Kt 3
25.	K to K R 2	Q R takes R
26.	R takes R	Q to Q Kt 5
27.	R to K 2	K Kt to K Kt 3
28.	Q B to Q 2	Q to Q Kt 4
29.	K B takes Kt	R takes B
30.	B takes K R P	R to K R sq
31.	B to K Kt 7	R to K R 2
32.	B to K B 6	R to K B 2
33.	Q to K R 5	Kt to K B 5
34.	Q takes R	

And Black surrenders, after a struggle of nearly nine hours.

BOARD NO. III.—MR. BORNEMANN.

(*King's Gambit declined.*)

	White (*Mr. M.*)	Black (*Mr. B.*)
1.	P to K 4	P to K 4
2.	P to K B 4	K B to Q B 4
3.	K Kt to K B 3	P to Q 3
4.	P to Q B 3	Q B to K Kt 5
5.	K B to Q B 4	K Kt to K B 3
6.	P takes P	B takes Kt
7.	Q takes B	Q P takes P
8.	P to Q 3	Q Kt to Q B 3
9.	Q B to K Kt 5	P to Q R 3
10.	Q Kt to Q 2	B to K 2
11.	Castles on Q side	Q to Q 2
12.	Kt to K B sq	Cstl. on Q side
13.	Kt to K 3	P to K R 3
14.	Q B to K R 4	P to K Kt 4
15.	Q B to K Kt 3	Q R to K B sq
16.	Kt to Q 5	K Kt to K sq
17.	P to Q 4	P takes Q P
18.	P takes P	K Kt to Q 3
19.	K B to Q Kt 3	B to Q sq
20.	K R to K B sq	K Kt to Q Kt 4
21.	Q to K 3	P to K B 4
22.	P takes P	Q R takes P
23.	Kt to Q Kt 6 (ch)	

(A manœuvre altogether unforeseen by Mr. Bornemann.)

	White (*Mr. M.*)	Black (*Mr. B.*)
23.		P takes Kt
24.	K B to K 6	Q R to Q 4
25.	K R to K B 7	Q Kt to K 2
26.	K to Q Kt sq	

(No hurry: poor Black is in the toils, and escape impossible, do what he can.)

	White (*Mr. M.*)	Black (*Mr. B.*)
26.		K R to K sq
27.	Q R to Q B sq (ch)	K Kt to Q B 2
28.	K B takes Q (ch)	Q R takes B
29.	P to Q 5	

(Capitally played. Black can take it only at the expense of a piece.)

	White (*Mr. M.*)	Black (*Mr. B.*)
29.		Q Kt to Q B 3
30.	P takes Kt	K R takes Q
31.	P takes Q R (ch)	

And Black gives up the battle, after fighting for above nine hours.

BOARD NO. IV.—MR. GUIBERT.

(*Irregular Opening.*)

	White (*Mr. M.*)	Black (*Mr. G.*)
1.	P to Q 4	P to Q 4
2.	P takes P	Q takes P
3.	Q Kt to Q B 3	Q to her sq
4.	P to Q 4	P to K 3
5.	K Kt to K B 3	K B to Q 3
6.	K B to Q 3	K Kt to K 2
7.	Castles	P to K R 3
8.	Q B to K 3	P to Q B 3
9.	K Kt to K 5	Q Kt to Q 2
10.	P to K B 4	Q Kt to K B 3
11.	Q Kt to K 4	K Kt to K B 4
12.	Q B to K B 2	K B to Q B 2
13.	P to Q B 3	Q Kt to Q 4
14.	Q to K B 3	Q to K 2
15.	Q R to K sq	K B takes Kt
16.	Q P takes B	

(White thus early has acquired a vast superiority in position; his forces are all in the field, and his King safely housed, while the adversary's men are out of play, and he is prevented from castling by the threatened move of Q B to Q B 5.)

	White (*Mr. M.*)	Black (*Mr. G.*)
16.		P to K R 4
17.	Q B to Q B 5	Q to her sq
18.	Kt to Q 6 (ch)	Kt takes B
19.	Q B takes Kt	

(The Bishop, so posted, is invincible.)

	White (*Mr. M.*)	Black (*Mr. G.*)
19.		P to K Kt 3
20.	Q to K Kt 3	

(Threatening to take the K Kt P with his K's Bishop, and thus win off hand.)

	White (*Mr. M.*)	Black (*Mr. G.*)
20.		Kt to K 2
21.	Q R to Q sq	B to Q 2
22.	Q R to Q 2	P to K R 5
23.	Q to K Kt 4	Kt to K B 4
24.	K B takes Kt	K P takes Kt
25.	Q to K B 3	Q to Q Kt 3 (ch)
26.	K to R sq	Cstl. on Q side
27.	P to Q B 4	P to K R 6
28.	P to K Kt 3	B to K 3
29.	Q to Q B 3	Q R to Q 2
30.	K R to Q sq	P to Q B 4
31.	K to K Kt sq	K R to Q sq
32.	Q to Q R 3	P to Q R 3
33.	B takes Q B P	Q to Q B 3

(This saves Black's game, as his opponent, on account of the threatened mate at K Kt 2, is unable to exchange Rooks.)

	White (*Mr. M.*)	Black (*Mr. G.*)
34.	B to Q 6	P to K B 3
35.	Q R to Q 5	

(Admirably played; and this blindfold and with the thousand shifting combinations of seven other games to keep in mind! Verily it makes one's brain ache only to think of the strain.)

	White (*Mr. M.*)	Black (*Mr. G.*)
35.		B takes R
36.	R takes B	R takes B
37.	P takes R	K to Kt sq
38.	Q to Q 3	R takes P
39.	Q to Q 2	

(He obviously could not take the Rook because of the mate before-mentioned.)

	White (*Mr. M.*)	Black (*Mr. G.*)
39.		R takes R
40.	P takes R	Q to Q B 4 (ch)
41.	K to B sq	Q to Q B 5 (ch)
42.	K to B 2	Q to Q B 4 (ch)

And the game was declared drawn, having lasted about nine hours.

BOARD NO. V.—MR. LEQUESNE.

(*Irregular Opening.*)

	White (*Mr. M.*)	Black (*Mr. L.*)
1.	P to K 4	P to Q Kt 3
2.	P to Q 4	Q B to Q Kt 2
3.	K B to Q 3	P to K 3
4.	K Kt to K R 3	K Kt to K 2
5.	Castles	P to Q 4
6.	P to K 5	K Kt to Q B 3
7.	P to Q B 3	K B to K 2
8.	P to K B 4	P to K Kt 3
9.	P to K Kt 4	P to K R 4
10.	P takes P	K R takes P
11.	Q to K Kt 4	K R to his 5
12.	Q to K Kt 3	K to Q 2
13.	Q Kt to Q 2	Q to K R sq
14.	K Kt to K Kt 5	K Kt to Q sq
15.	Q Kt to K B 3	K B tks K Kt
16.	P takes B	K R to K R 6
17.	Q to K Kt 2	Q Kt to Q B 3
18.	Q B to Q 2	Q Kt to K 2
19.	Q R to Q B sq	Q R to Q B sq
20.	P to Q Kt 4	P to Q R 3
21.	P to Q R 4	Q to K R 4
22.	Kt to K sq	K Kt to K B 4
23.	K R to K B 3	K R to his 5
24.	K R to K B 4	K R takes R
25.	Q B takes R	P to Q B 4
26.	Q Kt P takes P	P takes P
27.	R to Q Kt sq	P to Q B 5
28.	K B takes Kt	K Kt P takes B
29.	Kt to Q B 2	B to Q B 3
30.	P to Q R 5	Q to K R 5
31.	Q to K Kt 3	Q to K R 4
32.	Q to K Kt 2	Q to K R 5

At this point, neither party being disposed to vary his moves, the game was resigned as a DRAWN BATTLE.

BOARD NO. VI.—MR. POTIER.

(*Petroff's Defense.*)

	White (*Mr. M.*)	Black (*Mr. P.*)
1.	P to K 4	P to K 4
2.	K Kt to K B 3	K Kt to K B 3
3.	K B to Q B 4	Kt takes K P
4.	Q Kt to Q Kt 3	K Kt to K B 3

(It is to be regretted that Mr. Potier did not take the Kt rather than retreat, as many amateurs would have been pleased to see Mr. Morphy carrying out the attack of this interesting and comparatively novel *debut*.)

	White (*Mr. M.*)	Black (*Mr. P.*)
5.	Kt takes K P	P to Q 4
6.	K B to Q Kt 3	K B to K 2
7.	P to Q 4	P to Q B 3
8.	Castles.	Q Kt to Q 2
9.	P to K B 4	Q Kt to Q Kt 3
10.	Q to K B 3	P to K R 4
11.	P to K B 5	Q to Q B 2
12.	Q B to K B 4	K B to Q 3
13.	Q R to K sq	K to B sq
14.	Q to K Kt 3	P to Q R 5
15.	K Kt to Kt 6 (ch)	

(Finely played.)

	White (*Mr. M.*)	Black (*Mr. P.*)
15.		K to Kt sq
16.	Q B takes B	P takes Q
17.	Q B takes Q	P takes Kt
18.	K B P takes P	P takes K R P (ch)
19.	K to R sq	B to K Kt 5
20.	Q R to K 7	Q Kt to Q 2
21.	Q B to K 5	K to B sq
22.	Q R to K B 7 (ch)	

(The termination of this *partie* is as elegant and finished as that of the first game.)

	White (*Mr. M.*)	Black (*Mr. P.*)
22.		K to Kt sq
23.	Kt takes Q P	P takes Kt
24.	K B takes P	Q Kt to Q Kt 3
25.	K B to Q Kt 3	

And Black abandons the game.

BOARD NO. VII.—MR. PRETI.

(*Sicilian Opening.*)

	White (*Mr. M.*)	Black (*Mr. P.*)
1.	P to K 4	P to Q B 4
2.	P to Q 4	P takes P
3.	K Kt to K B 3	P to K 4
4.	K B to Q B 4	K B checks
5.	P to Q B 3	P takes P
6.	P takes P	K B to Q B 4
7.	K Kt takes K P	Q to K B 3
8.	K B tks K B P (ch)	K to B sq
9.	K Kt to Q 3	K B to Q Kt 3
10.	K B to Q Kt 3	P to Q 3
11.	Q B to Q R 3	Q Kt to Q B 3
12.	Castles.	K Kt to K R sq
13.	P to K 5	Q to K Kt 3
14.	K Kt to K B 4	Q to K Kt 5
15.	K Kt to K 6 (ch)	

(This is more effectual than taking the Queen's Pawn with Queen at once.)

	White (*Mr. M.*)	Black (*Mr. P.*)
15.		Q B takes Kt
16.	Q takes Q P (ch)	K to B 2
17.	Q to Q 7 (ch)	K to K Kt 3
18.	K B takes B	Q to K Kt 4
19.	K B to Q 5	Q Kt takes K P
20.	K B to K 4 (ch)	K Kt to K B 4
21.	Q to K 6 (ch)	Q to K B 3
22.	K B takes Kt (ch)	K to K R 4
23.	P to K Kt 4 (ch)	Kt takes P
24.	K B takes Kt (ch)	

And Black surrenders.

BOARD NO. VIII.—MR. SEGUIN.

(*Philidor's Defense.*)

	White (*Mr. M.*)	Black (*Mr. S.*)
1.	P to K 4	P to K 4
2.	K Kt to K B 3	P to Q 3
3.	P to Q 4	P takes P
4.	K Kt takes P	K Kt to K B 3
5.	Q Kt to Q B 3	K B to K 2
6.	K B to Q 3	Castles
7.	P to K B 4	P to Q B 4
8.	K Kt to K B 3	Q Kt to Q B 3
9.	Castles	Q B to K Kt 5
10.	Q B to K 3	P to Q R 3
11.	P to Q R 4	P to K R 3
12.	P to K R 3	Q B takes Kt
13.	Q takes B	Q Kt to Q Kt 5
14.	Q R to Q sq	Q to Q B 2
15.	P to Q Kt 3	Q Kt takes B
16.	P takes Kt	K R to K sq
17.	P to Q 4	Q to Q B 3
18.	P takes Q B P	P takes P
19.	P to K 5	Q takes Q
20.	K R takes Q	Kt to K R 2
21.	Q R to Q 7	Q R to Q Kt sq
22.	Kt to Q 5	B to K B sq
23.	B to K B 2	

(To enable him to play the Rook to the Queen's side.)

	White (*Mr. M.*)	Black (*Mr. S.*)
23.		K R to Q sq
24.	Kt to Q Kt 6	R takes R
25.	Kt takes R	R to Q B sq
26.	R to Q B 3	R to Q B 2
27.	Kt takes B	Kt takes Kt
28.	R takes P	R takes R
29.	B takes R	Kt to K 3
30.	B to K 3	P to K Kt 3
31.	P to K Kt 4	Kt to Q sq
32.	K to K B 2	Kt to Q B 3
33.	K to K 2	P to Q Kt 4
34.	P takes P	P takes P
35.	K to Q 3	K to B sq
36.	B to Q B 5 (ch)	K to K sq
37.	K to K 4	K to Q 2
38.	K to Q 5	Kt to Q sq
39.	P to K B 5	P takes P
40.	P takes P	P to K R 4
41.	B to Q Kt 6	Kt to Q Kt 2
42.	P to K 6 (ch)	

(Every step is made with the same precision by Mr. Morphy, in this, the conclusion of the last game, after ten hours of unexampled mental tension, which he exhibited in the outset of the first *partie*.)

	White (*Mr. M.*)	Black (*Mr. S.*)
42.		P takes P
43.	P takes P (ch)	K to K 2
44.	K to Q B 6	Kt to Q sq (ch)
45.	B takes Kt (ch)	K takes B
46.	K to Q 6	K to K sq
47.	P to K 7	

And Mr. Seguin gave in.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

It is the opinion of a Western editor that wood goes further when left out of doors than when well housed. He says some of his went half a mile.

A Chinaman stepped into a jewelry store in San Francisco, and inquired if they had any "consistencies?" On being asked to explain himself, he didn't know what consistency was, but had been told it was a jewel.

Perhaps men are the most imitative animals in all the world of Nature. Only one ass spoke like a man, but hundreds of men daily talk like asses.

A notice of a new novel says, "The style is so brilliant that the printer, with the copy before him, can set up the type without any other light, in the darkest night."

"Why, my dear Sir, are you always gazing at the sunsets?" "Just because they are the only golden prospects I ever have before me."

The following toast was given recently: "The Ladies!—may we kiss the girls we please, and please the girls we kiss!"

An advertisement lately appeared headed "Iron bedsteads and *bedding*." We suppose the linen must be *sheet*-iron.

Somebody says that General Scott undergoes a metamorphosis every morning. When he first rises he is General *jes' up*.

Maids want nothing but husbands, and then they want every thing.

Tennyson describes a lover clinging to the lips of his mistress in a passionate kiss till he draws her whole soul through it. Those who make a mistress of the bottle often cling to her mouth till they draw her whole spirit through them.

A poor Irishman was about to sell his saucepan, when his children remonstrated. "Ah, my honeys," said he, "I would not be afther parting with it, but for want of a little money to buy something to put in it."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Franklin Square, *Monday, November* 1, 1858.

The Foreign Trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending October 30, 1858	$4,804,098	$1,257,289
Corresponding Week, 1857	2,336,347	1,893,121
Increase	$2,467,751	
Decrease		$635,832

The apparent increase of the import entries is chiefly due to the paralysis which overwhelmed trade at this time last year. The movement in specie last week was moderate. We shipped $593,510 to Europe, and about a million to the South, against a remittance of $1,472,979 from California. The Sub-Treasury holds $9,151,581, the banks about $28,000,000. Money was rather more active during the middle of the week, but on Friday and Saturday it fell again to our last quotations, namely, 3 per cent. for call loans, 3½ @ 5 for first-class short paper, 5 @ 6 for the best long paper. Exchange is flatter; it closed on Saturday at 109¼ @ ½ for sterling, and 5.15 @ 5.13¾ for francs.

The movement on the Stock Exchange has been active, though on Thursday a reaction was caused by the realization of profits by the bulls. Prices declined an average of 2 per cent., rallying on Saturday to within 1½ per cent. of the highest points. The universal opinion is that the market is a rising one. The following table will show the movement of the week:

	Oct. 23.	Oct. 26.	Oct. 30.
Missouri 6's	90¼	90½	89¾
New York Central	86¾	87¾	86½
Erie	15¾	18½	16¾
Hudson River	31¾	35	33¾
Reading	51¾	54	52½
Panama	121½	123½	121½
Michigan Southern, guaranteed	54½	55¾	54½
Michigan Central	59	60	58½
Galena	83	83¾	80¾
Rock Island	69½	69¾	68½
Illinois Central	85	89½	87
Pacific Mail	106	107½	106¾

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Monday, November* 1, 1858.

The Wholesale Produce Markets have been moderately active for the leading kinds of Breadstuffs, which have arrived somewhat less freely, and prices of Wheat and Corn close more firmly....Cotton has been in limited request at drooping rates....Groceries have attracted more attention, including Coffee and Sugars, prices of which have favored factors....Provisions have been freely offered and purchased at irregular quotations....Hay, Hides, Leather, Spirits-Turpentine, Fish, Oils, Tobacco, and Wool have been in good demand, and close buoyantly....Transactions in Dry Goods are confined for the most part to what jobbers are selling to the near-by and local retailers. The inquiry for these is moderate, chiefly for really desirable fabrics, which have not varied much in price. Otherwise business is dull, and quotations are irregular. The Dry Goods import during the week amounted $1,236,688 against $720,604 the corresponding week of last year....The value of the imports since January 1 reached $51,662,774 against $85,620,893 the same week last year. The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

	Week ending *Oct.* 20.	Week ending *Oct.* 27.
Beeves	4,971	4,293
Milch Cows	212	212
Veal Calves	680	595
Sheep and Lambs	12,431	10,729
Swine	18,338	10,346

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound	$ 6	@	$ 9½
Common to extra Milch Cows, per head	25 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	3½	@	7
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 00	@	6 00
" " per pound	3½	@	5½
Live Swine, per pound	4½	@	5½
Dressed " "	5½	@	6½
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets are well stocked, and moderately active. Prices have not varied much.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, new, per bbl.	$1 25	@	$3 50
Pears, " "	4 00	@	20 00
Grapes, pound	5	@	13
Quinces, per barrel	2 25	@	6 00
Citron, per 100	87	@	2 50
Chestnuts, per bushel.	3 00	@	4 00
Beans, per bushel	37	@	87
Potatoes, per barrel	75	@	2 00
Potatoes, sweet, "	1 25	@	2 50
Onions, per barrel	1 25	@	1 75
Turnips, per barrel	75	@	1 00
Beets, per barrel	1 25	@	1 50
Carrots, per barrel	1 25	@	1 50
Cabbage, per 100	1 00	@	4 00
Parsnips, per barrel	1 25	@	1 75
Cranberries, per bbl.	9 00	@	14 00
Pumpkins, per 100	4 00	@	6 00
Spinach, per barrel	37	@	50
Tomatoes, per bushel.	50	@	62
Celery, dozen bunches	62	@	87
Egg Plants, per dozen	37	@	50
Garlic, 100 bunches	3 50	@	4 00
Cauliflowers, per 100.	4 00	@	7 00
Salad, per doz. heads	20	@	30
Parsley, 100 bunches.	1 00	@	2 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	19	@	21
Eggs, Western, per doz	17	@	18
Chickens, per pair	50	@	75
Fowls, per pound	12	@	15
Fowls, per pair	50	@	1 25
Ducks, per pair	62	@	1 00
Geese, each	1 00	@	1 50
Turkeys, per pound	14	@	16
Pigeons, per dozen	1 25	@	2 00
Woodcock, per dozen	3 00	@	4 00
Partridge, per pair	56	@	75
Snipe, Dowicher, doz.	62½	@	87½
Plover, per dozen	1 50	@	2 25
Venison, per pound	9	@	12

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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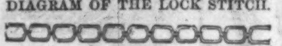

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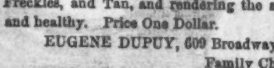

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From the Home Journal.

THE GLORY OF VERSAILLES.

Among the palaces of France, the *Palais des Thermes*, the *Louvre, Malmaison*, the *Elysee*, magnificent though they were, that of Versailles took precedence. When LOUIS XIV. ascended the throne of France he became discontented with his beautiful palace at St. Germain. From his windows he could discern, at no great distance, the towers of L'Eglise St. Denis, beneath whose gloomy walls reposed the ashes of the Kings of France, and the royal sensualist, too much in love with life ever to reflect on death, determined to remove from the shadows which those sacred walls threw daily over his mind; and in what was then the forest of Versailles, at the cost of $200,000,000, he erected a palace for himself, his favorites, and courtiers, that surpassed in magnificence the wildest dreams of those who had preceded him. A circuit of sixty miles inclosed the immense park, in the centre of which the kingly palace was embowered, and, as if by magic, a magnificent city took the place of hill and dale, fern and forest, and wealthy nobles reared their princely homes near the royal residence, and a hundred thousand citizens soon thronged the streets of gay Versailles.

Babylon, in all its glory, was eclipsed by this modern seat of splendor and voluptuousness, and millions toiled throughout the length and breadth of the land to feed and clothe these proud Patricians, and to administer to their indulgence. The nobles of the Bourbon Court, in all the extravagance of aristocratic pomp and pride, crowded the brilliant *Salle de l'Opera*, and the gorgeous *Salons de Dance*. Prodigality and voluptuous joy ruled the hour. This was fashion's home; and here, king over all—even over royalty itself—dictating alike to potentate and prince, to royal mistress and to the Queen of France, ADOLF DE LA MAIRE, the Court costumer, presided. In all matters of dress, of taste, of decoration, his *dictum* was supreme. He held the place of Master of the Robes, and each morning after the *valets* and the gentlemen of the royal chamber had performed their various offices with the utmost solemnity of etiquette, Monsieur DE LA MAIRE approached to dress the king, and one by one he handed to the head *valet* the various articles to be worn by majesty; and no article, from the garter to the royal robes, could be worn unless sanctioned by this dignitary. After breakfast, the services of LA MAIRE came again into requisition, to dress the monarch for the cabinet. Again for dinner, and after that fors upper. And imperious royalty, self-willed and exacting upon every other point, ever bowed in acquiescence to the will of the *Maitre des Robes.*

LOUIS XIV. passed from the scene, and, in course of time, ADOLF LA MAIRE was gathered to his fathers, leaving his wealth and place to his son, AUGUST LA MAIRE, who ruled as potent in the world of fashion as did the king over the world political.

But he, too, passed away, and his descendant, VICTOR LA MAIRE, fashioned the garments in which the sixteenth LOUIS and the unfortunate MARIE ANTOINETTE stood before the altar at Versailles, in consummation of that nuptial union which terminated in the most melancholy tragedy the world has ever known.

Political dynasties changed, the Bourbons were driven from the throne, and returned to it; but though different monarchs swayed the sceptre over the land, the family of LA MAIRE continued, through every change, to hold the reigns of fashion. Son succeeded father, generation after generation, and dictated what was and was not fit to adorn the royal form, and set off to the best advantage the queenly beauties who thronged the court. And when the man of energy, of action, and of intellect came to usurp the place of the sensual, the voluptuous, and the vain, when the Corsican soldier came to think, to do, to toil, day after day and night after night, to promote the prosperity of France through all its varied interests, one would have thought that a man like LA MAIRE would have been overlooked, and that he would have had cause to have exclaimed, "My occupation's gone!" Not so, for when the monarchs of Europe, with their united millions combined, had chained the democratic king to the bleak rock of St. Helena, and replaced the Bourbon on the throne, a certain AMBROSE LA MAIRE was left the King of Fashion still, as he had been during the reign of the Corsican. Revolution followed revolution, still the LE MAIRES, with a tenacity that scarcely has a parallel, and which can only be accounted for on the ground of their wonderful capacity for the *rôle* they played, held their place, so that even now, when the nephew has succeeded the uncle, and driven once more the Bourbons to flight and exile, a descendant of that same ADOLF LA MAIRE, who presided over the *toilette* of LOUIS XIV., is the *Costumier de L'Imperatrice*, and still sways the sceptre over the world of Fashion. True, the LES MAIRES no longer confine their presence to Versailles, but one JEAN-DE LA MAIRE, from his throne, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris, dictates to all Europe the style and fashion of their garments. He speaks, and crinoline expands its graceful airiness, or contracts its vast dimensions within the sphere he circumscribes, and to the house of LA MAIRE the ladies of our own country are indebted for nearly all the graceful novelties in shape of mantillas, *robes*, etc., that are worn by the *élite*. So great has been the demand from this country upon that famous house, that at last he has been forced to concentrate the trade with this country to a single depot, where, at all times, his latest novelties will be found, and through which all orders will reach him. The person whom he has selected for this important place is our well-known *costumier*, Mr. WM. B. MACKENZIE, No. 503 Broadway, whose name has long been the synonym of all that is elegant, *distingue*, and tasteful. In order to afford a place where the rich fabrics of LA MAIRE may at all times be seen to the best advantage, and where he could have sufficient space to keep the large assortment of which he is in constant receipt properly in view, Mr. MACKENZIE has leased and fitted up a *Palais des Modes*, three doors below the St. Nicholas Hotel, where the votaries of Fashion will always find the latest novelties of the fickle goddess. Mr. MACKENZIE thus makes one of the principal features of Paris a part of our own metropolis; and we predict that it will not be long ere the branch house of LA MAIRE in Broadway will be as famous as the great original of Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris.

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